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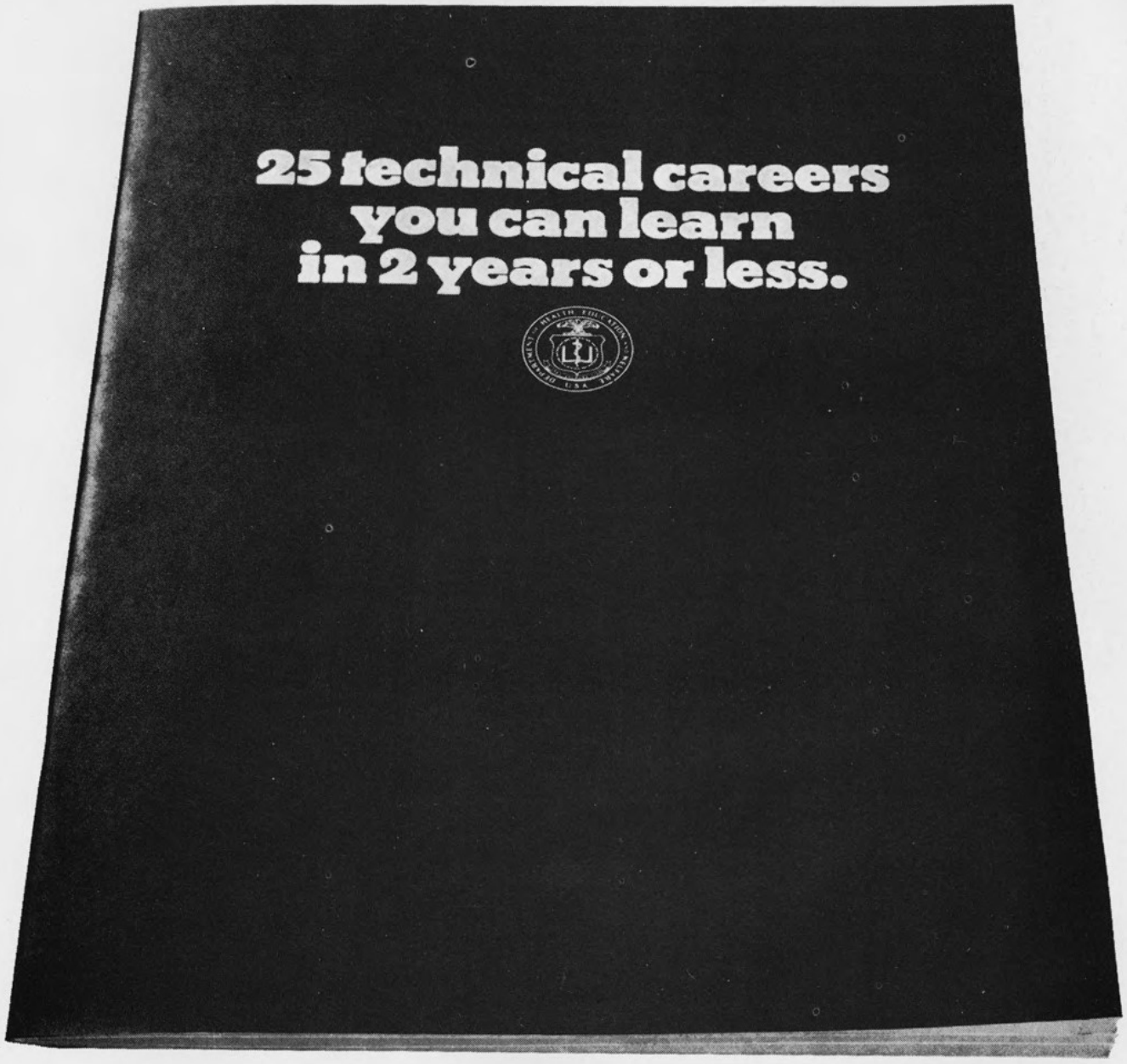

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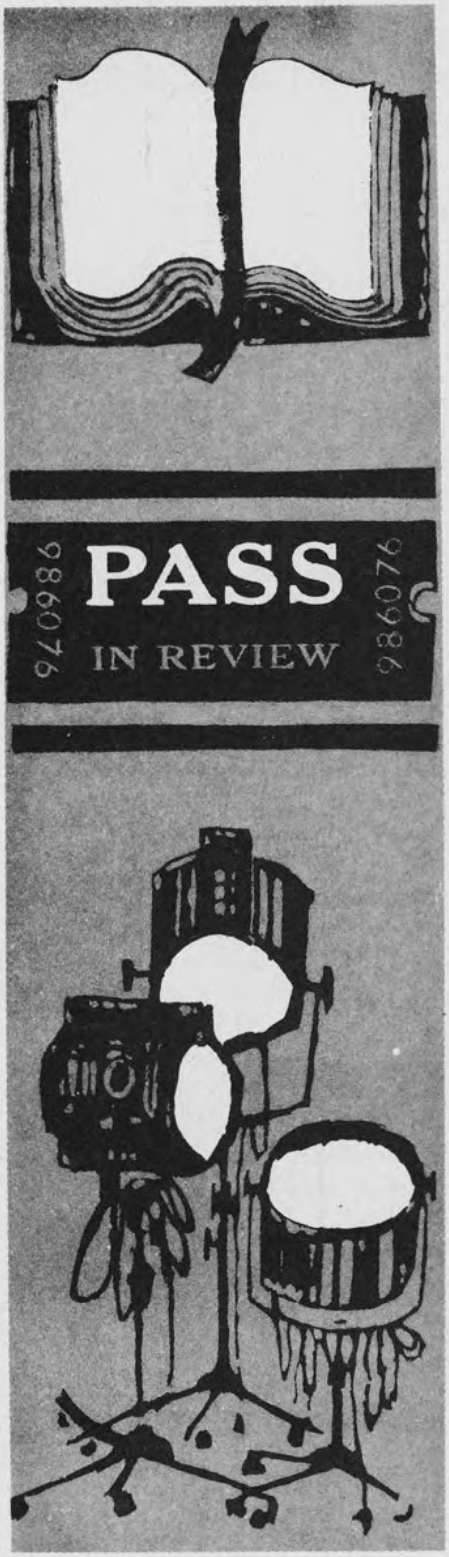

RECORDS

Andre Previn has done a great service to Rachmaninoff lovers by recording that composer's *Symphony No. 2 in E Minor* (Angel) in its entirety, omitting even the cuts that the composer himself sanctioned. Despite the length of the work there is not a moment that lacks beauty and intensity. The London Symphony Orchestra under Previn is superb.

Hans Werner Henze's *Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra* (Deutsche Grammophon) is given a fine performance by the London Philharmonic with Christopher Eschenbach equally outstanding at the keyboard. Henze's music may not be for everyone, but for those who do like him, this Lp will be rewarding listening.

Andre Imbrie's *Symphony No. 3* and William Schulman's *Credendum: Article of Faith* are together on an outstanding CRI disc. The real winner is Imbries' work, which receives first-class treatment from the London Symphony Orchestra under Harold Faberman. Imbrie describes his music as "neither experimental nor conventional." Its melodies and rhythms command one's attention from start to finish.

Boris Khaikin conducts the Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre in a deligthful program of excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty* on the Westminster label. Originally recorded on Melodiya in the USSR, the disc features some highlights from Tchaikovsky's great ballet performed impeccably.

Yehudi Menuhin and Stephane Grappelli get together on some '30's standards on *Jalousie* (Angel). The two violinists compliment rather than compete with each other, and the result is a refreshing and unusual blend. The music is not as "hot" as Grappeli's work with Django Reinhardt, but neither is it saccharine. Menuhin is the first to admit that he lacks Grappelli's skill as an improviser, but he contributes a relaxed and rich quality that would probably be absent without him. Try this for something different.

David Del Tredici and David Diamond rank among this century's finest composers. A recent recording on the CRI label presents Del Tredici's *I Hear an Army* and *Scherzo*, and Diamond's *String Quartet No. 9* and *Nontet*. *I Hear an Army* is a fascinating work for soprano and string quartet, based on a section of James Joyce's "Chamber music." Diamond's *Nontet*, composed for Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, is a complex and striking piece for string ensemble. This is an excellent album of contemporary music and we heartily recommend it.

A top-notch performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride* by the Bolshoi can be heard on a new Melodiya/Angel release. The singers do a magnificent job, with Irina Arkhipova, Galina Vishnevskaya, Vladimir Atlantov, Vladimir Valaitis and Yevgeny Neserenko particularly outstanding.

George Rochbert's *String Quartet No. 3* (Nonesuch) is a fascinating work that promises to become the center of much controversy. Rochberg's work contains long sections in a number of classic styles, including those of Beethoven and Mahler. Whether or not one agrees that this is a worthwhile endeavor, one can't help but be fascinated by this unusual string quartet.

The sound-track album from Peter Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon* (Paramount) features some classic bands and singers from the thirties. Paul Whiteman's band is heard with "It's Only a Paper Moon," Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra perform "After You've Gone" and Hoagy Carmichael sings his own "Georgia on My Mind." The country side of things is represented with items from the Blue Sky Boys and Jimmie Davis. There's a good selection of tunes and artists here that will appeal to both jazz and nostalgia buffs.

Hymns by Susan Raye (Capitol) is one of the better country gospel albums we've heard in awhile. A good selection of standard tunes tastefully arranged and performed makes this Buck Owens production another winner. "This World is Not

My Home" and "Life's Railway to Heaven" are among the ten well-done numbers here.

David Gates (Elektra), formerly of Bread, has a pleasant program of original soft-rockers on his solo debut album. Backed by a fine cast of studio men including Larry Carlton, Russ Kunkel and Jim Horn, Gates gives us an enjoyable set. "Soap" and "Sail Around The World" are our favorites.

Ruth Etting admirers will be pleased by a new re-issue of material from 1926 to 1931. *Ruth Etting* (Biograph) has a number of good performances and interesting moments. We particularly liked "Button Up Your Overcoat." (This seems to be a different take than the one we heard years ago. Does our memory falter, or did Ms. Etting record the song more than once?). Also of interest is a rendition of "Ain't Misbehavin'" with the seldon heard introductory verse. Among the notable sidemen are Eddie Lang on guitar and Tommy Dorsey on trumpet.

This reviewer would be hard-pressed to name any femme jazz vocalist around today who can compete with Sarah Vaughan. The lady really gets to show her stuff on *Sarah Vaughan; Live in Japan* (Milestone). Ms. Vaughan is lucky to have with her a creative and tasteful rhythm section consisting of Jimmy Cobb on the drums, Carl Schroeder on the Piano and John Gianelli on string bass. This is a winning combination if there ever was one. There's a great collection of tunes here, too. Check out "Misty," "My Funny Valentine," and "Bye Bye Blackbird."

The Ozark Mountain Dare Devils (A&M) turn in some strong rock performances on their debut album. The group, consisting of Larry Lee, Michael Granda, John Dillon, Buddy Brayfield, Steve Cash and Randle Chowning offer some okay originals, including "If You Wanna Get to Heaven" and "Standin on the Rock."

Highlights from some of Pink Floyd's past LPs can be heard on *A Nice Pair* (Harvest). The British rock group is represented here at its best. Among the goodies is the single "Flaming" which has never before been issued on LP.

Glen Campbell: I Remember Hank Williams (Capitol) is one of the best country albums to come our way in several months, and one of Glen's best records to date. Glen really gets to exercise those vocal chops in front of the Ray Charles-ish arrangements. And one couldn't have hoped for a better selection of songs. "I Could Never Be Ashamed of You," "Wedding Bells" and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" are among the many standouts.

Although 1973 went down as the Gershwin Year, Monmouth-Evergreen keeps them from being locked up in the time capsule with the release of their new album, *Ronny Whyte & Travis Hudson: We Like a Gershwin Tune.* With so many Gershwin albums devoted to their well-known hits, Mr. Whyte and Ms. Hudson have a special treat in store for us listeners by devoting their disc to the lesser known Gershwin songs. Some of the highlights are: "Vodka" and "The Real American Folk Song" which was the first song the Brothers' Gershwin collaborated on.

Skeeter Davis has a particular quality in her voice that makes her one of the most distinctive country singers around. She's not a belter, but she has real emotional power when she's performing a good song. *I Can't Believe That It's All Over* (RCA) is as pop as it is country. "You Made My Life a Song" and "I'll Be There" are among her better numbers here.

BOOKS

Will Rogers: The Man and His Times (McGraw Hill) by Richard McKetchum will delight veteran Rogers fans as well as the younger generation that didn't grow up on his sparking Oklahoma wit. McKetchum has given us a thoroughly enjoyable biography dealing with the public and private aspects of a great man.

Fear of Flying (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) is an articulate and incisive first novel from the pen of pert, pretty Manhattan poetess Erica Jong. Chronicling the trans-Atlantic sexual misadventures of a sensitive young artiste from Gotham's Upper West Side, Ms. Jong's new *ouevre* throws an unmerciful spotlight upon historically reinforced sexism while mounting a razor-sharp analysis of the problematic of personal isolation over against the very human need for companionship and dialogue (cf. *I and Thou*, Martin Buber).

In *The Country and the City* (Oxford University Press) Raymond Williams examines myths about the country and city, often in something of a Marxist context. He cites the Greeks, scripture, scientific data, and poets spanning a 3000 year period. In an age where city dwellers romanticize the country and rural folk urbanize or move to the city, this book provides a good deal of wisdom and food for thought as well as pertinent information.

The Gladiators (Prentice-Hall) is a down-to-earth no-holds-barred documentary of pro football, one of the best and most beautifully photographed volumes on the subject we've come across. All aspects of the game are covered. A number of excellent writers and cameramen are represented here, making this a book sports buffs will really enjoy and treasure.

Andy Warhol and his painting, sculpture and films have had a profound effect on our concept of art over the last decade. *Stargazer* (Praeger) by Stepehn Koch takes a serious look at the man and his work. Viewing Warhol in the context of Duchamp and Baudelaire, Koch makes some incisive comments.

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GEM

VOL. 15 NO. 5 MAY 1974

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Beer joint athletes may have big bellies but some of the Ale-Americans perform almost incredible feats of strength that match or outdo those of professional muscle men and weight lifters

HOW TO BE A BEER HALL ATLAS

by Carl H. Giles

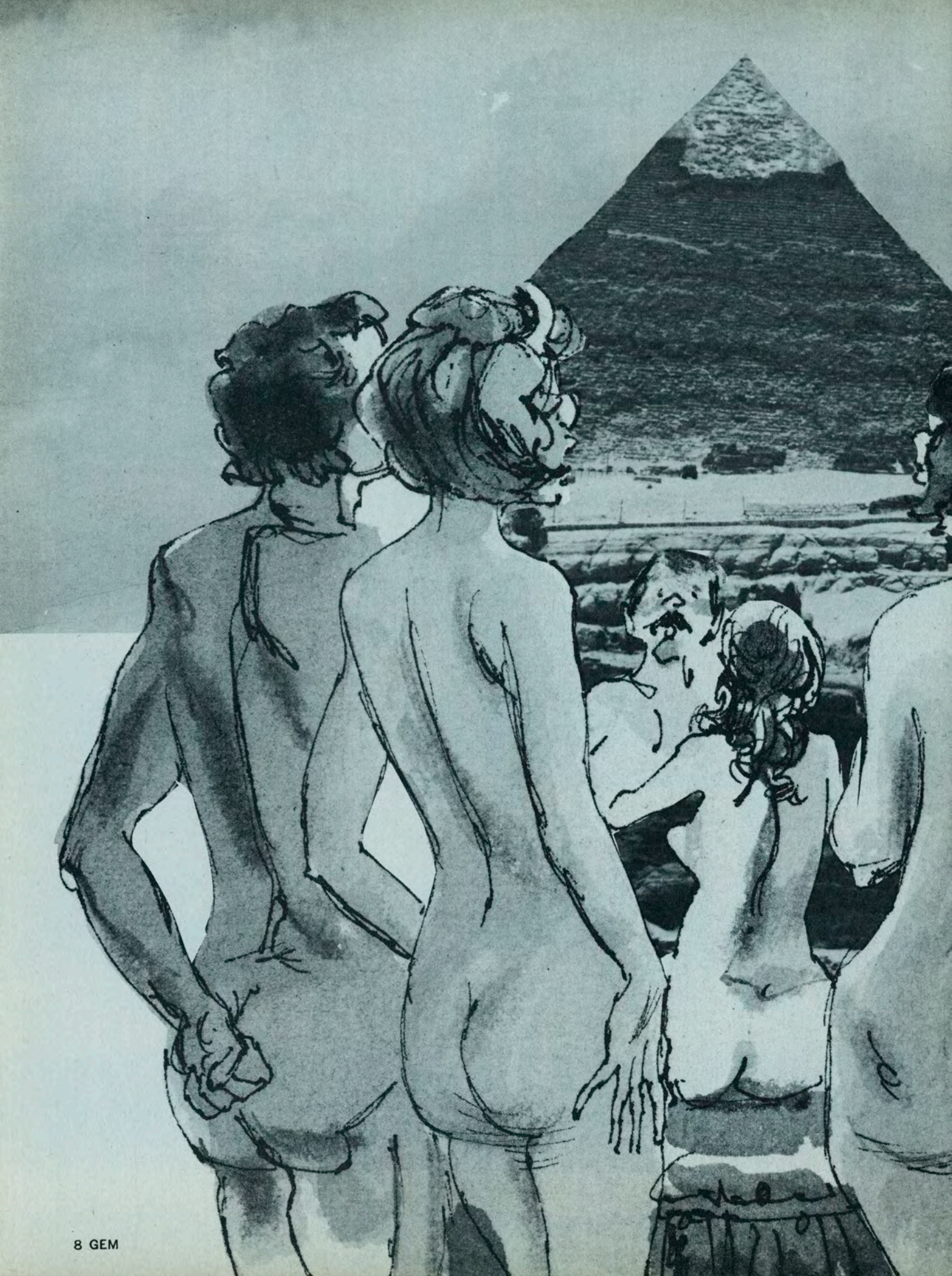
Ale brings out the brute in many men. No other beverage inspires such masculinity. Drinking beer in a pub seems to incite some men to great feats of strength. Some of the most incredible displays of muscular power have been performed in beer joints. Almost every beer dive in the world has its champion can crusher and bottle cap bender. These guys give exhibitions that even stop the billiard games. And the neon in the juke boxes even increases its intensity. They are the "Kings of the Mountain" in beer hall muscledom.

Most men can't crush a steel beer can with one hand. They don't know how. It takes more technique than power. The can should be gripped solidly centered in the palm of one hand. The thumb should be pressed firmly against the end. The middle finger should be in the center of the can's length. All the fingers should start squeezing with particular pressure being exerted by the middle finger. After the can is caved in as far as possible, rotate the can about 15 degrees in the palm. Then the squeezing should start again until the can is almost mashed against the back side of the can. The back side should stay flat. Creasing it only makes the crushing job harder. After the middle three fingers cave in the can, the little finger and the thumb should grip at each end. If this fails to fold the can, it should be shifted until the can is vertical. Then the thumb can be applied to the top of the back side to press it down as the fingers also fold it up from the bottom.

And, there are the many gimmicks and tricks to bending beer cans. One tells a guy he can bend a can double with three fingers—two of his own and one of the other guy's digits. The crusher takes the guy's finger and places it on the edge of a hard, flat surface, the bar or a table. He takes the can and hits the guy's finger, bending it in the middle, the can that is. This creases it and does no damage to the guy because the impact isn't that great, and the finger is resting on the solid object. Then the guy grasps the can, a finger on each end and collapses it.

Bending bottle caps takes some finger strength and endurance. Usually caps are gripped between thumb and forefingers although some guys bend them with their palms. Carpenters, plumbers, truck drivers, and jockeys are among those who have tremendous gripping power. Before a guy challenges another pub patron to a feat of strength, he should make sure the man is not a

(continued on page 60)



The very shape, long known as one of the most powerful but mystic energy generators, is said to give a jolt to the genitals of men and women that supercharges sexual relations

PYRAMID POWER AND SEX

By C. Shelby

Sex is electrifying and satisfying. But, the energy force caused by the feelings and the friction—or other activity—is really unidentifiable. Scientists can observe and define the characteristics of various energy sources, but they can't determine the powers of their ingredients. The pyramid (the shape, literally) has long been one of the most mystic energy generators. And, now the shape is being applied to sex. It gives a jolt to the genitals of men and women that supercharges sexual relations.

For thousands of years some scientists have pondered over that energy source which is generated by a variety of objects—all of them usually non-metallic—such as crystals, magnets, electric motors, even plastics. And, also men and animals, usually termed as animal magnetism. The Chinese called this force ch'i. In India it was labeled prana, and Europeans dubbed it vital force. The most modern jargon calls it psychotronic energy. The four-sided triangular pyrimid, in any size from minute to monstrous, seems to concentrate this force like no other shape. Anthropologists and archealogists have pondered for centuries why the ancient Egyptians buried their pharoahs in pyramids. Now, researchers have learned that the shape helps the process of mummification. Objects placed inside pyramids stay fresher, purify, dehydrate, and even sharpen razor blades and other cutlery. And, making love with a pyramid under the bed or nearby is the epitome of pleasure. Sexual power and prowess generated by the pyramid are being harnessed by a variety of publics. Not only is the sexual occult group utilizing the force, many college men and women and others alert to the latest lab findings are grooving on, under, and near pyramid shapes.

Pyramids apparently focus the earth's magnetic radiations. Being inside the shape supposedly produces the strongest power. Some firms are already marketing pyramid tents for meditation. And amateur sexologists are experimenting with making out in them. "I don't think it was the cramped quarters, Frank X. said of his loving experience with a lass inside a pyramid. "The act was just so vivid and sensitive. It was like having every nerve ending

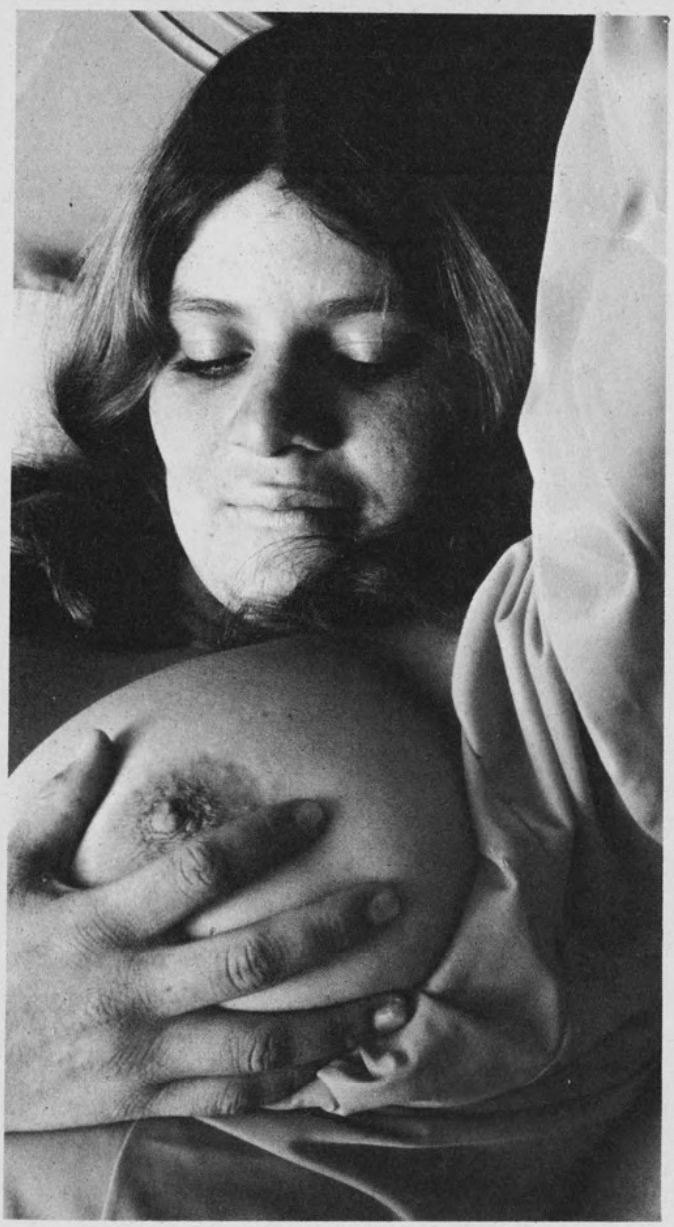
(*continued on page 67*)

LINDA

10 GEM

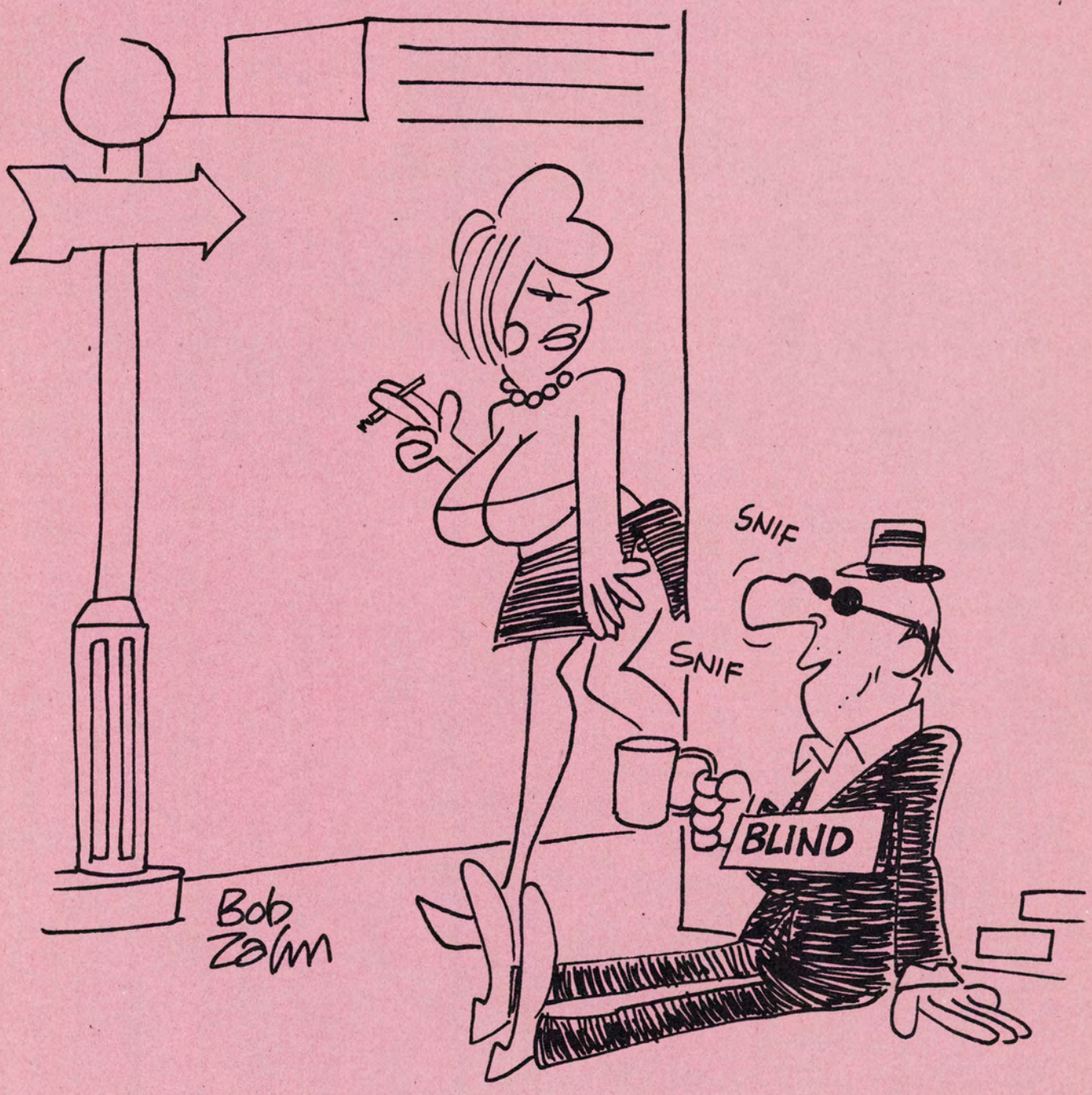
Hollywood has given us some striking figures throughout the years and Linda's shapes up as one of the most beautiful of all. Disdaining an acting career, she works in the wardrobe department of a major Hollywood studio and has been involved in some of the past year's most popular films. "Things were really chaotic on the set recently," Linda said. "I designed an outfit for this aging movie queen—the script specifically called for a mini-skirt. Once she got on the set she started griping that the thing was too short and I had to adjust it in twenty minutes. I guess she just didn't have the legs she used to, and didn't want the public to know."

While that aging film star may have been



losing her figure, Linda herself is having no trouble filling out a tight sweater. In fact, her BUF beauties have attracted the attention of plenty of guys on the film sets, from technicians to big-name directors. One director, enamored of Linda's charms, recently offered her a fat role in a film chronicling the life of President Millard Fillmore. "I could have used the bread," Linda says, "but I'm really not into an acting trip. I've taken oc-

casional small parts in films at the studio, mostly walk-ons with only a few lines. I haven't seriously considered acting since my high school days. I appeared in a dramatic adaptation of George Abbot's fantasy, 'Flatland'. It was a lot of fun, but I've gone in different directions since then." It's difficult to believe that Linda could ever have been cast in a play called "Flatland." Her mammoth mammaries suggest instead a mountainous terrain. A graphics arts company wants to come out with a poster depicting Linda in an arty geopraphic map design. If they ever do, we all know where Twin Peaks will be. □



"Hello, Mary."

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

A New York State trooper told me about a suspect they kept under surveillance. He was noticed almost every evening perched on a hill overlooking the thruway, cars whizzing by below him. Of course, there are some citizens who think it's great fun to toss beer cans, stones, chunks of metal and other interesting objects at passing cars to see if they can bust a windshield or disable a driver. Cops, the spoilers, try to prevent such fun.

So, from a distance, they watched our hero on the hill. They never saw him throw anything, but they closed in, anyway. And caught him. . . . masturbating! He explained he got his sexual kicks from observing powerful cars. The guy was queer for Cadillacs! (Well, isn't everyone?)

I didn't follow the case. I don't know if they arrested him for wasting a national resource or gave him a medal for doing what he could to defuse the population explosion.

The same trooper told of another case. Every night of a full moon there would be considerable brake-squealing and fender-bending near a certain overpass. No fog, no smog, no slippery roads, but definitely, dangerous curves. A shapely young woman with long, golden hair had taken to posing on the bridge railing where the motorists could see and admire her. Naked, of course.

It would be nice to say that she was coupled with the Mustang Masturbator and they lived happily ever after, and maybe that's what eventually happened. But at the time the troopers bundled her up in a fig leaf and took her to a psychiatrist.

Operating a motor car is perilous. A vision of nudity seems to add to the hazards. Near Sayreville, New Jersey, is a drive-in theater, or "passion pit" as grandpa used to call them. The screen there is 50 by 100 feet. It can be seen from three major highways, so anybody driving by gets a free look. That caused no trouble as long as the films were such as "Cowboys vs Jane Fonda."

But when they started showing "The Young Seducers" or "Campus Swingers" well, wham, bam, thank you, ma' am! On the highways, bumpers bonked; rubber burned, traffic got tangled. That 50 by 100 screen was showing nude sex scenes, and what red-blooded motorist could drive by without slowing or even stopping? No way.

In the interests of highway safety, the exhibitors agreed to cut out nudie movies. But wouldn't highway safety have been better served if they had simply closed the roads?

Protest to Gay Lib From a Merry Andrew

"I don't object to homosexuality," says a thoughtful fellow who is straight. "Consenting adults should be allowed to do anything they damn please as long as they don't hurt anybody else. But I do object to what is being done to the wonderful word, 'gay.'

"According to the dictionary it means lively and merry. In that sense it has been used with such terms as the gay lothario, the gay caballero, the gay divorcee. They were lively and merry. But the people of so-called Gay Lib are mostly the opposite, solemn and melancholy. Why couldn't they call themselves something besides gay?"

Rock and Roll— In the Hay

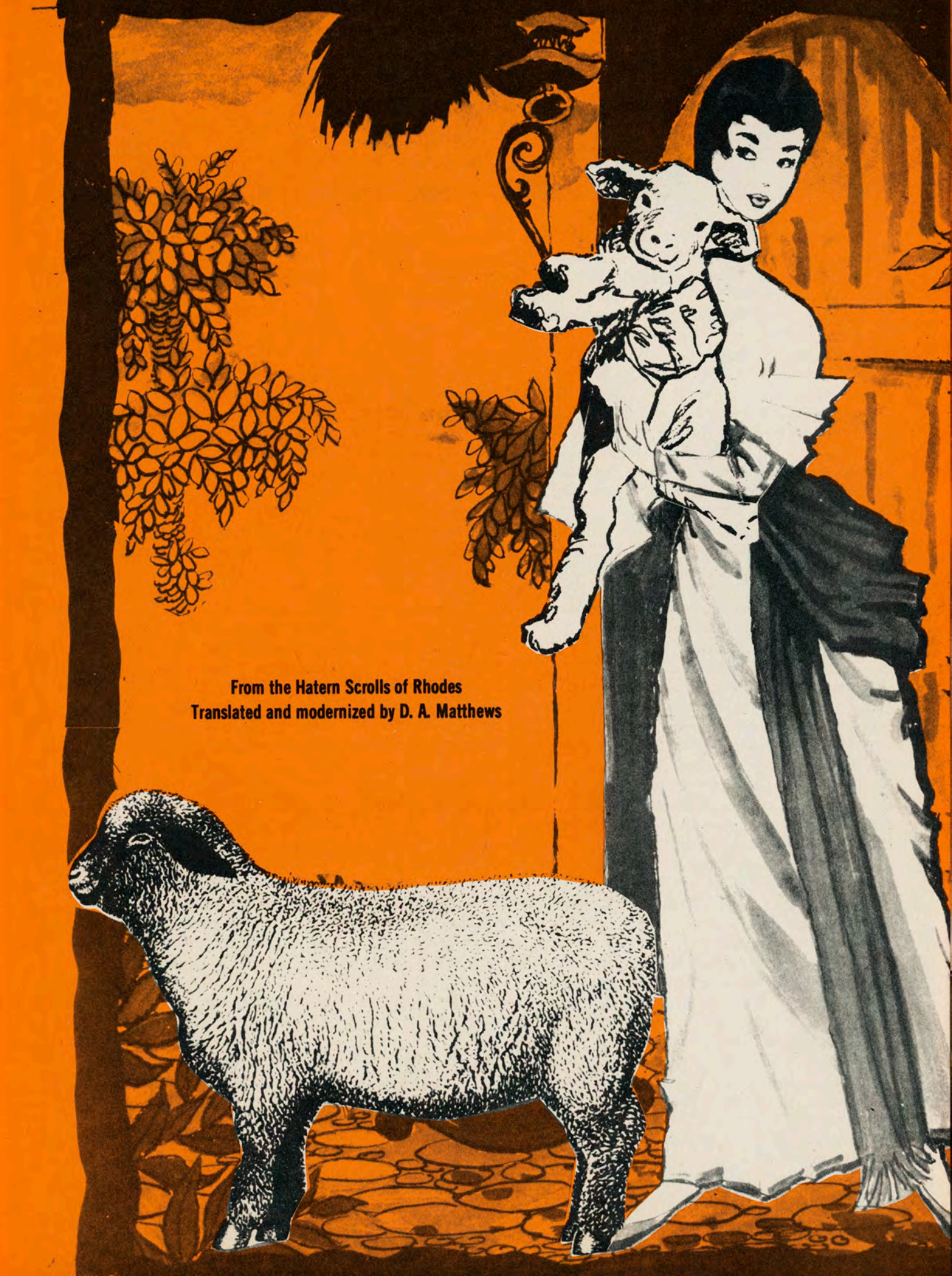
Groupies throw themselves at—and under—rock stars. It seems that almost any young man with a wild guitar and hair to match can have all the poontang he wants and maybe even more than he can handle. Many of the girls are so young that the musician, like a prudent bartender, will demand an ID card or proof of age before showing the young lady his other instrument.

The name "groupie" is fairly recent, but the phenomenal attraction of musicians for certain females goes back at least to the dark ages when jazz was everywhere. Teen-agers of those times, some of them now the grandmothers of current groupies, went berserk over crew-cut clarinetists and even bald trombone players.

The aphrodisiac quality of romantic melody has long been recognized but the raucous sounds that make the wool itchy these days are hardly in that category. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is what William Congreve wrote in 1697. Maybe so in those days, Willie, baby, but now it's, "Music hath charms (or something) to make the breast savage."

Waltzing Matilda And so Forth

Australia has a TV Soap Opera with lots of sex and nudity. A survey showed it was the most popular program of children in the 6 to 14 bracket. There's a delightful commercial tie-in possibility here. If a kid uses a dirty word, mama can wash his mouth out with the sponsor's product. □



From the Hatern Scrolls of Rhodes
Translated and modernized by D. A. Matthews

THE SHEEPISH MAIDEN OF CRETE

A rich lecher lusts for an innocent young damsel and with the help of a willing witch rams home his love

On the island of Crete, in 1613, persecution for suspected practitioners of the black arts was at its height. Anyone suspected of dealings with Beelzebub was brought before a panel of three bishops to determine guilt or innocence. The bishops had complete authority to act in any sphere and even the most influential and powerful were not beyond their grasp. By far the wealthiest landowner on the island was a man named Victor Padoulus. The man had a wife and a young son of about twenty, and hundreds of farmers and shepherds in his employ. This Victor Padoulus was a clever man, but ruthless and used any means at his disposal to multiply his wealth. If he had a weakness, it was his lechery. If he set eyes on a young, innocent girl that met his fancy, nothing would stop him from having her. He could count dozens of young girls whom he robbed of their virginity.

Luce, the son of Victor Padoulus, loved a young girl named Anasta Krijin. She was but seventeen and had the beauty only so young a girl can possess. Luce desired to make young Anasta his wife, but his father forbade such a match. Not only was her father a humble farmer, but her uncle was a bishop and sat on the Inquisition. The marriage plans of Luce and Anasta seemed to be doomed to failure as long as Victor was alive, and both young lovers were filled with despair.

Victor had carefully studied the girl when his son brought her to their villa. She was a fetching creature and soon Victor burned with lust for her young body. It may have been his imagination, but the lecher believed that lately she tried to tease him whenever the two were alone. Unable to resist his desires, he cornered her one night.

.."Anasta, the devil is in you. From such an innocent body burn eyes of a demon," Victor charged.

"Sir, do not insult me. Though I am young, I have heard of the wicked ways of men," Anasta said demurely.

"You desire them also. I can give you much pleasure," Victor promised.

"Even if I wanted to, how could I? My uncle watches my every movement. He accounts for every second," Anasta said with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Is there no way?" Victor lamented, fearing the thought of losing such a willing young jewel of womanhood.

"There is, but I am afraid to tell you. If my uncle should hear, he would lock me up in a convent," Anasta said fearfully.

"Tell me! Not a soul shall know," Victor promised. To obtain the girl he would have gladly sold his soul if it were requested.

"The old woman, Malthus," she is a witch. . . ."

"A witch!"

"Yes, she has agreed to perform magic on me, to transform me."

"What are you saying, child?"

"She can change human form into that of an animal. She could turn me into a sheep," Anasta whispered.

"To what end?"

"If I am in the form of sheep, then I can move unnoticed," she explained.

"What is your plan?" Victor asked excitedly. Lust now ruled his reason. He was prepared to go along with any scheme to have the youmg girl.

"Do you know of the orchard, about a mile south of here?"

"Yes," Victor replied.

"Tomorrow night, disguised as a ewe, I will mingle with the other sheep. There is no shepherd there. Approach and call my name. Profess love for me. The one that bleats the loudest will be me. Caress me and when your lust becomes too great, mount me as a ram. Only that act will transform me into the form of a woman. After we have loved I will return to the form of the sheep and escape unnoticed. You can make me a woman."

"It sounds dangerous and foolish," Victor commented.

In answer, Anasta raised her dress to her waist. She was naked underneath and the lecher nearly fainted at the sight of her feminine charms so daringly exposed to him. Excitedly, the lecher brought his hand to the smooth flesh of her firm young thigh. His hand moved upward and he touched the spot he was certain no man had ever felt before, all the while his heart trying to beat out of his chest and his head swelling at his sudden and unexpected prize.

"Someone's coming!" Anasta cried out and pulled back, her dress once more covering her modestly.

"Tomorrow night," she whispered huskily, and turning, ran from the room. Victor's eyes blazed with passion. Tomorrow he would have Anasta.

The next evening was cool, but it saw Victor Padoulus hastening to the orchard. Careful to see that no shepherd was about, he approached the small herd of sheep. "Anasta, Anasta! I love you! I need you!" Victor called out, and one ewe bleated. Victor ran toward it and captured the frightened creature, which immediately began bleating furiously as the others scampered away.

"My love, it is your Victor. Please, do not struggle, I have come for you," he said, kissing and caressing the sheep. The memory of Anasta from the night before inflamed him. Victor ripped at his clothing and began to vigourly couple with the beast in the hope of having it transformed into lovely Anasta.

"Fiend! Sodomite!" a voice shrieked,as five men came charging at the defenseless Victor from their well hidden position. Before he could uncouple and run, Victor was tackled and held by two of the men. With horror, he recognized the remaining three as the bishops of the Inquisition. The original speaker had been Anasta' uncle and he now stood before Victor.

"Pray for God's foriveness for your unholy and unnatural acts. Tomorrow you shall answer before the Inquisition. Bind him and retain him in our dungeon," the bishop ordered and the two men took Victor away without a word of protest.

"I could not believe it. Such perversion is beyond my comprehension," one bishop commented.

"I was shocked, but outraged, as my young niece told me of something unholy she had seen Victor Padoulus doing in his orchard. She feared to mention what it was for fear of losing her soul. That poor child," her uncle commented.

"That unfortunate family. A pity," one of them said.

"Yes. A pity," the other two agreed.

The next day Victor Padoulus appeared before the Inquisition. He had no defnse to present, for the bishops themselves were the witnesses against him and he know nothing he could say would either be believed or help him anyway. The bishops were certain they had executed a personal servant of Beelzebub when Victor Padoulus was hanged during the night. But a rumor persisted that Victor had managed to make a deal and was spirited away to a lonely isle where he would spend the rest of his life as a lonely shepherd caring for a flock of sheep.

At any rate, although the family name was in disgrace, the bishop consented that his niece could marry Luce Padoulus. And, in addition, the bishop also happily saw to it that the land of Victor Padoulus was not confiscated, as was the custom. But the bishop also stipulated that the widowed and newly-married couple sell their land and relocate, for their own sake. Their new home was even more lavish than the first, the land sold having increased in value for the centuries it was held. Anasta Padoulus bore three children, and they all lived in upmost comfort, happily ever after, as it is said. And it is further said, that if indeed it were true that Victor Padoulus did spend the rest of his life in exile as a lowly isolated shepherd, that he had many years to rue his fate and feel sheepish. □

You know which way the political and social winds are blowing by these tell-it-like-it-is bumper slogans

STICKER IT TO THEM!

by John L. Kent

If you want the world (and especially the guy driving the car behind yours) to know how you feel about the existing social order (or disorder) you don't have to sit down and laboriously write a letter to your local paper. You merely go down to the novelty and gift shop and buy yourself a bumper sticker which expresses your sentiment exactly. And, as you know, there are bumper stickers to fit all political and social opinions—just like there are greeting cards for all occasions. Often the greeting cards and bumper stickers are next to each other in stationery stores whose owners report that sales of the car stickers are booming.

Bumper stickers have been with us almost from the day that the early "automobilist" strapped a few suitcases to the running boards of his Model T Ford and went on his first auto vacation. As he paid his bill and stepped outside of the resort hotel where he and his family stayed, he might notice a sticker pasted on the rear bumper of his car. It would be an ad for the hotel or resort. Like most motorists at that time, he didn't mind. In fact, some motorists bought the resort sticker so that when they got home their neighbors would be properly enlightened as to where they had been.

Bumper stickers really proliferated during the college "dissent" and "dialogue" days of the 1960's. Many of the student bumper stickers were merely protest statements: END THE WAR; DRAFT BEER—NOT STUDENTS, etc. Some were, and still are, satiric or tongue-in-cheek comments: SAVE WATER—SHOWER WITH A FRIEND; DOWN WITH HOTPANTS; PRAY FOR SEX and ABOLISH OLD AGE. Also popular were SEX HAS NO CALORIES; REALITY IS A CRUTCH; CHASTITY IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT and CANCER CURES SMOKING.

The political use of bumper stickers goes back almost as far as the resorts' use of this advertising media. Old photo archives often have pictures of Model T's with KEEP COOL

(continued on page 58)

JANIE

It takes a girl with varied interests, among a couple of other things, to please our readers and this gal is just what the doctor ordered. Janie is a chess instructor with a taste for Latin rhythms and Gothic architecture. An unusual combination, you might say but she is not your run-of-the-mill girl. "My brother taught me to play chess when I was eight years old," Janie told us. "In a couple of weeks I could wipe him all over the chess board. Then he wouldn't play me anymore even though I offered him a handicap."

Desirous of finding chess partners, Janie joined the local chess club and proceeded to astound the members with her remarkable skill. By the time she was twelve she was competing professionally, mopping up chess freaks twice and three times her age. "I tried not to let it go to my head," Janie said, "but I was mighty pleased with myself. My fame won me a lot of attention, and I ate it up."

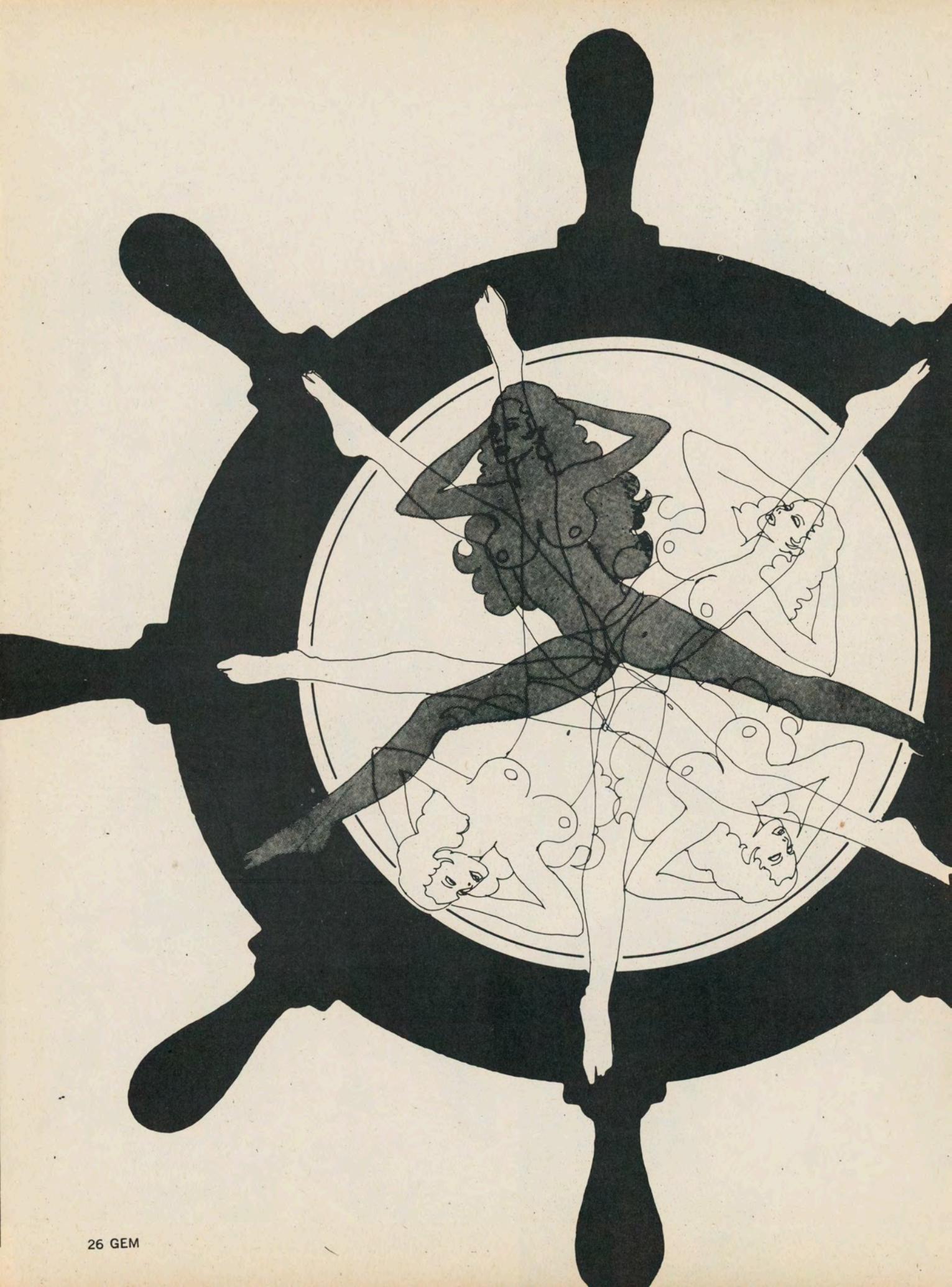
Even if she couldn't tell a pawn from a rook, Janie would still be attracting plenty of attention, for her sensational, curvaceous bod never fails to boggle the mind. Her chess

opponents have been known to have trouble concentrating while sitting across the table from her lovely form. "I try to wear clothes that don't attract a lot of attention to myself when I'm in a tournament but even then they complain sometimes. Some of them are just sore losers."

At her stylishly decorated pad, Janie served us exotic fruit drinks and showed us a few of her valuable chess sets. "This one's from the Isle of Norg," she explained. "It belonged to Princess Phwagga at one time. It was stolen by pirates in 1783 and only recently recovered." This sounded impressive, but we'd still rather pass the hours admiring Janie's personal chest set, a priceless duo worth its weight in diamonds.

After placing the latest Mongo Santamaria disc on the turntable, our beautiful chess master (or is it mistress?) went on to discuss her longtime interest in Gothic architecture. "I went to Europe for a chess contest when I was a teenager," she said, "and the medieval churches just knocked me out. I began to take architecture courses in school, and considered going into architecture for a while. I'm very mathematically minded, you know." Her figure certainly adds up, that's for sure.

You don't even have to be able to add two and two to appreciate this gal's alluring charms. We bet that Janie will be the most sensational performer on the chess circuit for a long time to come. □



Hundreds of sea-roving chicks make their way to this tiny port in Costa Rica, seeking berths on ships ready to sail, and promising to "flip the jibs" of the mates taking them on

Grooving On The High Seize

THE SEXY SEA NYMPHS OF PUNTARENAS

by Jack Conrad

As countries go, tiny Costa Rica, located in Central America between Nicaragua and Panama, certainly doesn't swing much weight on the international scene. But currently, this tranquil, picturesque country with a perfect climate is attempting (and quite successfully) to lure retired Americans to settle here permanently with such inducements as tax-rebates and low living costs, together with a peace and security so difficult to find in our increasingly chaotic world. Recently, I flew down to San Jose, capital of this tiny republic, to secure the necessary permissions to visit Cocos Island, a little-known speck in the blue waters of the Pacific, but steeped in pirate lore and legends of buried treasure. As soon as my application was approved, I hired a jeep and set off across the country toward Puntarenas on the Pacific Coast where I had been told I might be able to charter a small ship for my trip to Cocos. I envisioned Puntarenas, boasting of a population of about 10,000, as a typically dull seaside resort where aging American retirees sat on park benches or lolled on the sandy beaches, while listening to their arteries hardening. But from the moment I tooled down the palm-lined "Avenida Central" overlooking the waterfront, I quickly realized that this was no sleepy lagoon. The street was packed with hip-swinging young chicks and the sidewalk cafes were crowded; while over a hundred ships and boats of all types and sizes, ranging from small sloops to luxury cabin cruisers lay at anchor in the calm blue waters of the Gulf of Nicoyo. Since dusk was falling I drove up to the Miramar Motel where I intended staying the night. Clustered around the blue-tiled pool were about fifty swinging babes—blonds, redheads and brunettes—all dressed in the skimpiest of French bikinis, their youthful boobies seeking to escape the confines of their flimsy halters. As I walked slowly down the flower-lined path to register, all eyes turned in my direction. For some strange reason, outside of a couple of bell-hops and the short, squat mustachioed desk

(continued on page 68)

To become beautiful, an ugly girl sells her soul and undergoes a satanic sex transplant

THE DEVIL'S BITE!

by Michael J. Pellowski

Marcie pressed the doorbell of her friend's apartment. While she waited for a response to the chimes, she chuckled at the men ogling her buttocks from behind the slowly closing elevator door. "Come in!" ordered Dottie's high-pitched, scratchy voice. Her friend's voice always caused Marcie to shudder. She clicked the door open and walked into the conservatively decorated apartment. The homespun quality of Dottie's taste was nauseating. All this corny garbage will be gone in the morning, Marcie thought while scanning the decor. "I'm in the shower, Marcie. . ." bellowed Dottie. ". . .I'll be right out."

"Take your time," answered Marcie, "the coven doesn't officially convene until ten. We've got an hour and a half to kill. Hey, stay in the shower and I'll join you."

Marcie started stripping right on the spot. She pulled the flimsy frock over her head and peeled off the transparent bikini panties. Since her transplant, Marcie liked to keep her body ready for action. If the law would allow it, she would wear no clothes at all. Her full breasts bounced as she pranced into the bathroom. She walked to the shower stall and boldly pulled the curtain open. Dottie's first reaction was to cover herself with her soapy hands. It wasn't any moral virtue that caused her to cover up—she was simply ashamed of the unattractive body her sensual mind was trapped in. Marcie stood there brazenly flaunting her naked body. Dottie wished she could look like that. Marcie's breasts were huge, delectable melons that protruded and arched skyward in separate directions. They didn't droop or sag. They shot forward like exclamations of sensuality. Marcie shook her head whipping the wavy red hair off her shoulders. The movement caused her boobs to bob and sway like hypnotized serpents dancing to the music of a flute. Marcie noticed that Dottie's eyes were X-Raying her body. Smirking like an egotistical movie queen, she arched her back and thrust her fiery red, pubic triangle in Dottie's direction. Her wet lips parted as if to announce their approval of Dottie's admiration.

"You're the most beautiful woman in the world," Dottie said as she let her hands fall revealing her own nakedness. With a soapy finger, she pointed at the tiny tattoo on Marcie's left breast. "Is that his mark?" she asked, carefully halting her finger before actually touching her friend's breast. Marcie nodded affirmatively. "It's the

(continued on page 56)

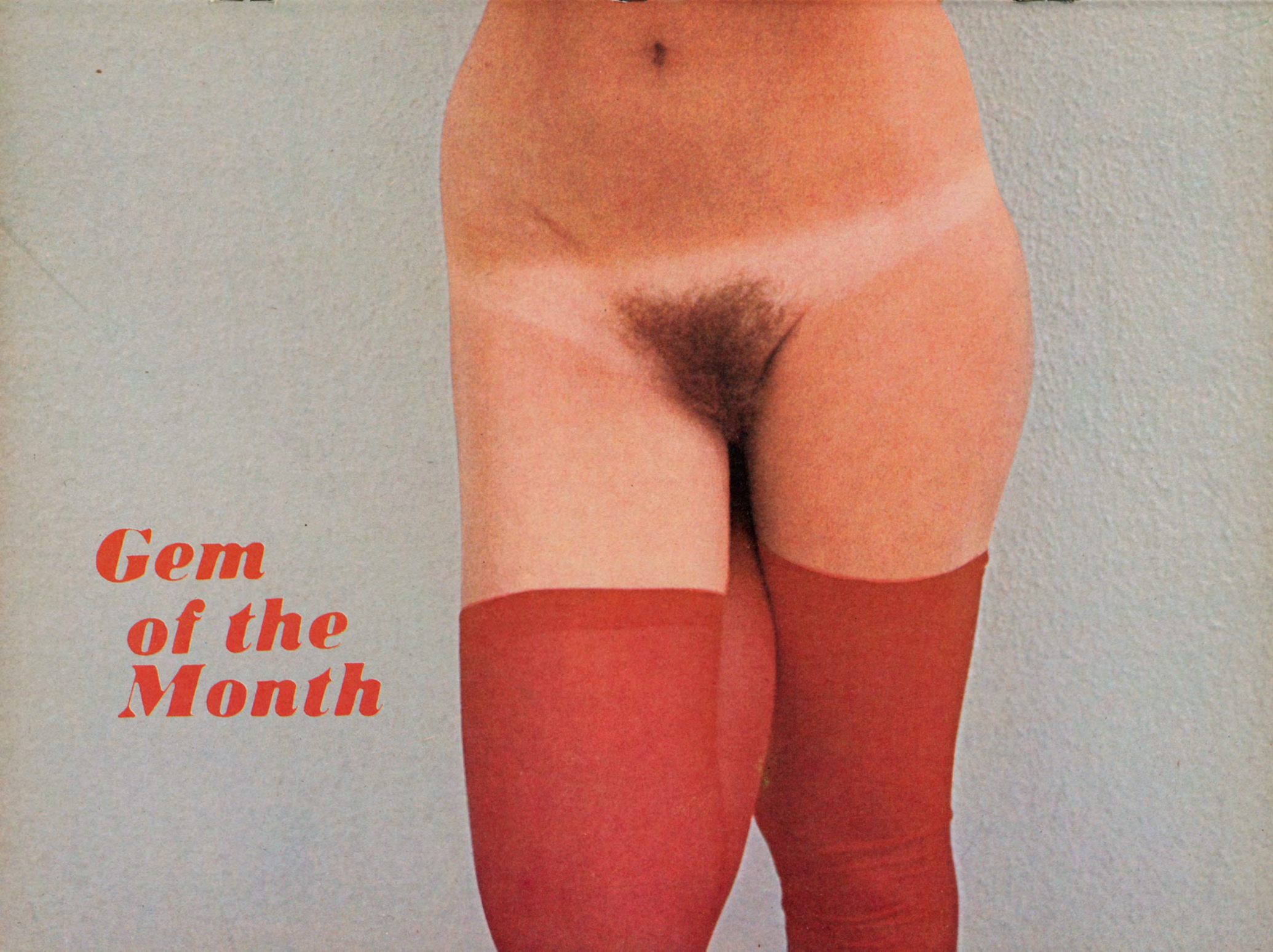
ROBBIE

When we first ran sensational Robbie just a few months ago in The Swinger, the response from our readers was so great that we decided to bring her back as quickly as possible. The mails (males) have spoken and the letters have poured in. One night-club owner in Jackson, Mississippi wrote in offering her a week-long engagement at his cabaret. (Robbie, alert readers will recall, is a piano player and music student). Fan clubs have been formed and we have been swamped with pleas for more and more photos and autographs. Photographers have written, offering their services gratis if we would permit them to shoot Robbie; over a dozen marriage proposals have come in, and one guy offered to swap his wife, car and house for her. Robbie, or Mooshi, as her friends call her, was quite flattered to be invited back to pose so soon after her first appearance. "It's such an honor," she said. "I

really don't know what to say. I'd like to thank all the fans who wrote in."

Mooshi told us that she had just completed composing a piano piece entitled "The BUF Two-Step" in our honor. "I haven't finished the lyrics yet," she said, "but they should be ready soon." She then proceded to play her creation, a lively ragtime cakewalk that bubbled over with elite syncopations.

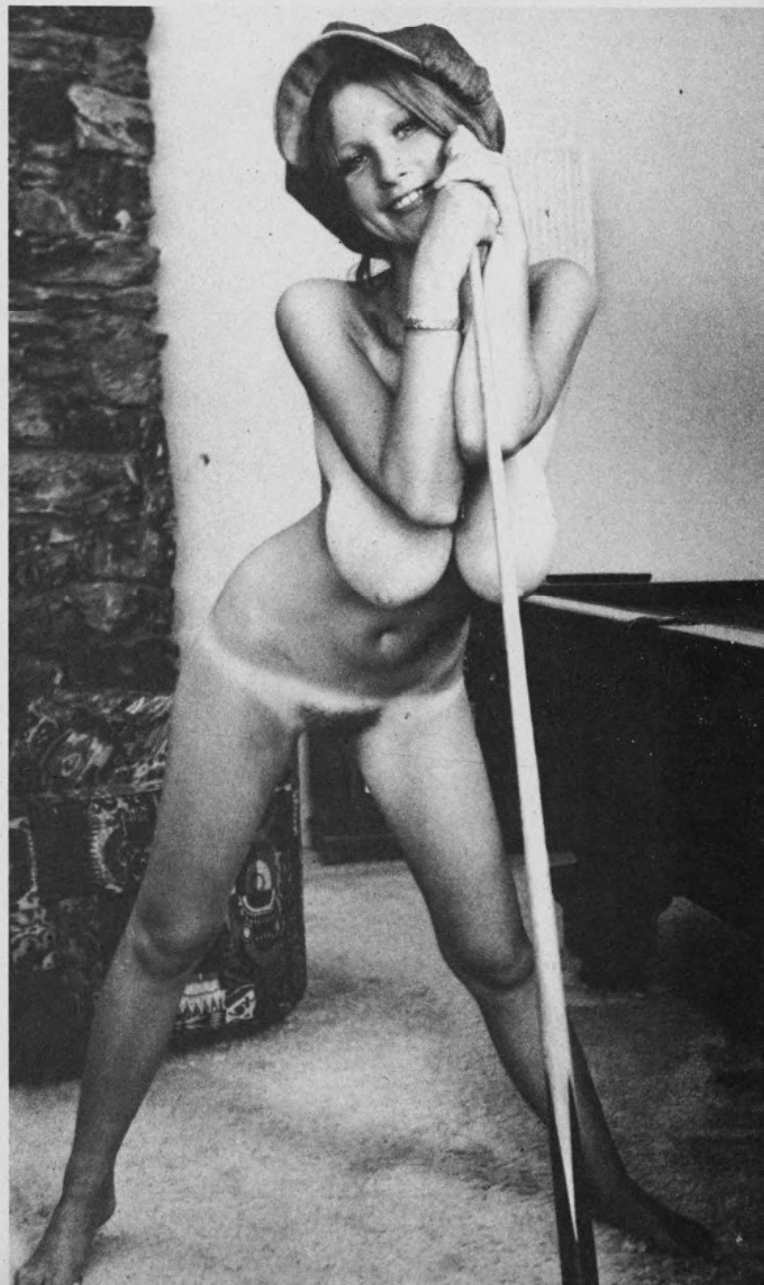
"I've been playing a lot of ragtime lately,"


Gem
of the
Month

Mooshi said. "I used to know dozens of rags by Joplin, Lamb and Scott by heart, but I've drifted away from ragtime in the last couple of years. The ragtime bug bit me again a few months back, and I'm brushing a flawless rendition of Joe Lamb's "Ragtime Nightingale."

"A lot of people play ragtime too fast and ignore the dynamics," Robbie said. "Joplin would roll over in his grave if he heard the way people butcher his music."

We rolled over with delight when Mooshi unveiled her sexational self for our cameras.

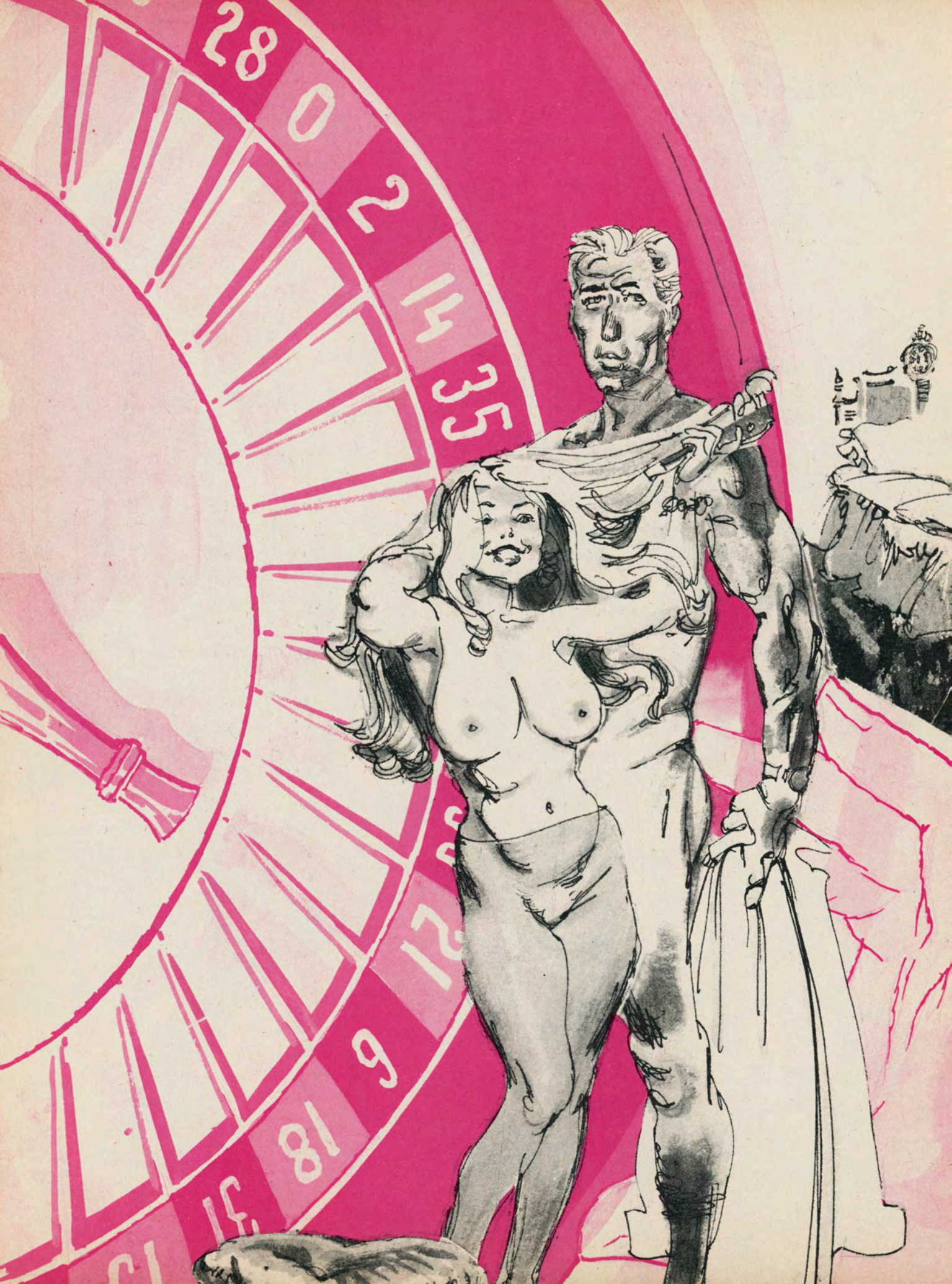


"It's a pleasure to work with you, folks," Robbie said. "It almost makes me want to take up modeling as a profession."

After the photo session we joined Mooshi at a local tavern for a few rounds of pool. "I've become quite a pool shark lately. I'm having a pool table put in my basement next week. There's nothing like billiards to relax after hard hours of practicing at the piano." It's funny,

but when we watch her tickling the ivories on the piano or on the pool table, the last thing it does is relax us—excites us, yeah man!

Robbie also has a thing for hats—all kinds, all shapes, all colors. She gets a big kick out of donning as many different kinds of headgear as she can find, whether they be caps, fedoras, bandanas or what have you. They lend additional color to her already colorful personality and what with her lovely face and stupendous figure, it's very easy to get mushy about Mooshi. All hail the newest member of the super BUF Hall of Fame. And don't fret, fellows, we'll bring her back as often as we can. □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Everything in this gambling mecca is a hustle, and every Jake and Jane is on the make or take. But you take your chance and, who knows, maybe there'll be an unexpected pay off

THE VEGAS VIRGIN

by Dean Dexter

The girl pressed her shapely body to him, hugged him hard, her arms tight around his neck. Then she broke away suddenly and abruptly shrugged out of her yellow minidress. She wore a lacy bra that seemed barely adequate to contain its lush, overflowing contents, and he stared at her twin mounds with the imprints of their hard nipples pressing forward. Then she raised both hands to her head and finger-combed her hair so that it fell smoothly and crisply down around her shoulders. She stood there in her bra and panties and the man kept staring at her. He looked at the deep, narrow shadow between her voluptuous breasts. Now, in only her bra and briefs, the girl's body seemed larger, fuller, as if it had expanded joyously in the warm security of her apartment. She stretched, wriggled, unfastened the bra, let it fall to the carpet, then she slid off her panties and kicked them away. "Is this better?" she smiled. "Take a good look. You're paying for it."

She stood very straight, shoulders back, head up, proud to the point of hauteur of her exquisite body, almost daring the man to find a flaw. His eyes lingered on the girl's breasts, large with pink-tipped nipples bursting with ripeness, then traveled slowly down the line of her body. The triangle of her pubic hair was thick and dark brown. An equatorial tangle of furry density, it sprang from the whiteness of her belly and thighs like some unexplored jungle, full of promise. She sat down on the bed, patted it beside her, and said softly: "Come here." But the man sat down across from her on the other bed, an indecisive look on his face. "What's the matter with you?" she asked suddenly. "You hired me and now you don't want me." She jumped up and stood very straight and raised up on the balls of her bare feet. "Look!"

She ran her hands slowly caressingly, down over her naked breasts to her waist. She pressed her fingers into her flesh, forcing a new slenderness, emphasizing the swell of her hips. Then she thrust her pubis forward and laughed: "I'm a real woman, mister! Why don't you want to lay me after you paid for it? You a rich philanthropist or something?"

"You're wrong about the money," he said slowly. "A hundred dollars means a lot to me. In fact, it's nearly all I've got. But there's a lot I don't understand. I figured the money would be well spent, but I guess it was a silly idea." He got up and walked to the door, reaching for the knob.

"Wait a minute," the girl said, a small shard of curiosity cutting through her anger

and wariness. "What are you trying to say?"

"People just don't understand me," replied the man. "I think you're the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my whole life. You've got the most perfect body I ever dreamed about, and all I wanted you to do. . . ."

The girl came up to him. Now her face was serene, all the anger and the wariness and the hauteur gone. She looked up into his face gently. "Are you trying to tell me that you're a virgin?"

The man's head jerked up. "What is it about women that makes them see right through a guy?" he asked, bewilderment showing in his eyes like a puppy who's been spanked for something he couldn't control.

A tremor passed through the girl's body and her gaze became speculative. "If I thought. . . . if I thought for one minute. . ."

The man licked his lips. His eyes darted wildly around her apartment. He refused to look directly at the girl. "I'm getting married a week from Sunday," he blurted, almost miserably.

The girl's lips came together in a hard line, but before she could say anything, the man rushed on: "But it's not what you think. This isn't any last fling. I love the girl who's going to be my wife, and I wouldn't do anything at all to hurt her. That's why I came here to Las Vegas. . . . the trouble is, she's just a kid, barely eighteen. . . ." He shoved his hands deep in his pants pockets and turned his back on the girl. "Where else could I go? Who else could I turn to?"

"Sweet Mother of God!" the girl exclaimed. "You want me . . . you want me to show you. . . .?" She looked at the man's back in sheer wonderment. "You're a baby," she breathed. "I was right. You're a six-foot, full-grown, baby-boy virgin!"

The man's head came up and his muscles tensed visibly under the thin material of his sport shirt. He jerked his hands from his pockets and blundered wordlessly toward the door. "Come to me," said the girl gently. "Come here to mama and let me show you how to act in bed with a girl, so you can go back home and get married."

The man turned slowly and stared at her as she extended her arms to him. Under the urgency of his gaze, a flush seemed to spread from her face and body until her skin seemed to glow. Then the man crossed the room and reached for her in a kind of desperate hunger.

When they were in bed in the darkness, his kiss began tenderly, almost chastely, then he started to kiss her greedily and voraciously. "I knew you were the only girl who could help me," he whispered, panting.

"Yes," replied the girl softly. "Yes, but. . . . not so fast. That's the first thing you've got to learn."

But he seemed unable to hold himself back against the rush of his intense passion and he engulfed her, and she tingled. Soon he was holding her closer and foreign sensations shot through her shapely loins as his hands cupped her buttocks, as if by instinct, she thought. He kissed her hard and parted her lips with his tongue, then his hands roved her thighs and her breasts and all her intimate places. He kissed her body as if famished, but despite her pledge of initiation, she soon became impatient with the preliminaries and urged him to enter her.

She received him eagerly, her hips churning, embracing him hard with her arms and legs, and then she felt pure passion—a feeling she had never had with any man before. With this unused man she felt love and tenderness. He was moving irregularly and she bit his chin with her teeth, wanted his instrument to burst inside her, as her brain whirled with *Oh, God! I've never had it like this. I'll die if it doesn't happen now. I'll die if you stop, slowler, faster, deeper, yes, that's right, it's coming, it's swirling all through me and I'm going to come, lover, my dearest lover. Oh, dearest God, it's beginning to happen, I've never had it at exactly the same time, oh daddy, it's getting ready—and her body jerked and twisted insanely and he flooded her and she cried out in ecstasy.*

They held each other for a long time, because words would not come.

Harvey drove in silence until they were perhaps a mile away from the motel, then he glanced eagerly and quizzically at his friend.

"Nice," Paul said, as if in partial explanation. "Very, very nice. Much better than usual."

He grinned tiredly, reached into the pocket of his shirt and took out five carefully folded twenty-dollar bills. He held them out in the dim light of the dash.

"I'll be goddamned!" Harvey exclaimed. "Does it always work?"

Paul sighed, stretched luxuriously, put the bills back in his pocket, and settled down comfortably in the seat.

"No . . . but often enough!"

A few minutes later later he pulled a hundred-dollar bill out of his pants pocket and looked at it.

"What's that?" asked Harvey.

"A wedding present from a hooker," smiled Paul. "That virgin routine turned her on so much, she thought she never had it so good in the sack. How about that, Harvey, a Las Vegas call girl paying a dude for a bang-up job!" □

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. So stay with us as special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

In his new flick, "Sleeper," Woody Allen confides: "This chick called me a pervert—just because I drank her water bed!"

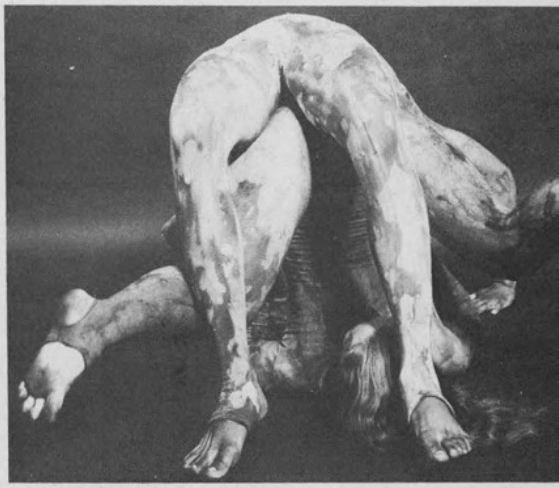
According to a Washington correspondent, politicians like to make love below themselves socially, while the town's women like to make love above themselves.

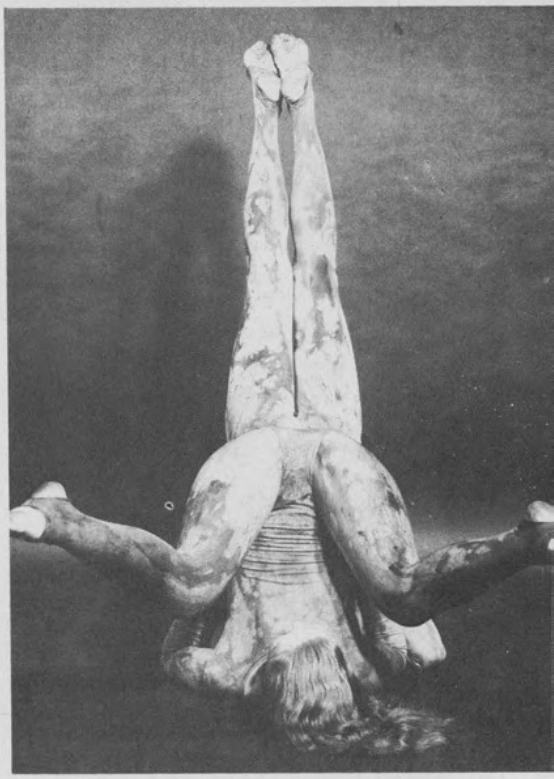
The off-Broadway hit play, "The HOT L BALTIMORE," by Lanford Wilson, has some pretty sharp lines by prostitutes. One hooker recalls: "I was good at geography in school. When a John is shy, I can ask him where he's from and then talk about it. I don't think they had that in mind when they taught us geography." Another hustler reports: "This guy wanted to do it in the tub so I turned on the hot water and almost burned his balls off!" "Another guy whom I met in a bar wanted to know whether I smoke in bed. Try me!" I said.

Throbbing, writhing voluptuous bodies in action are the trademark of the highly acclaimed Edith Stephen Theater Dance Co. Both here and abroad, it offers such erotic works as "Forbidden Playground" and "Love in Different Colors."

When a completely naked young woman got on an elevator on which Henny Youngman was riding alone, he wasn't fazed one bit. He tipped

Throbbing, writhing, voluptuous bodies in action are the trademark of the highly-acclaimed Edith Steven Dance Company





There's sizzling sex as well as some no-holds-barred, panty-ripping fights between gorgeous chicks in "Girls Are For Loving" starring the blonde dynamo, Cheri Caffaro.

his hat and said: "My wife's got an outfit just like it."

Blonde Cheri Caffaro, the female James Bond, stars again in "Girls Are For Loving" and it's wilder, rawer, sexier and nuder than anything that turned you on before in the renowned "Ginger" series. In addition to sizzling sex, action and strip scenes, there are real rough, no-holds-barred, panty-ripping scenes between gorgeous chicks.

In "40 Carats," a wealthy oilman in his late forties, who's about to take a 17-year-old as his second wife, tells the teen's mother: "It'll be a very happy union. I've always wanted children." Snaps mom: "And now you're marrying one!"

In "The Last Tango in Paris," which is still playing and making

money, Marlon Brando, as Paul calls it, "happenis" and after seeing "Tango" a somewhat disappointed woman remarked: "They told me that Brando doesn't remove his pants or coat during the first sex scene—he doesn't even remove his overcoat!"

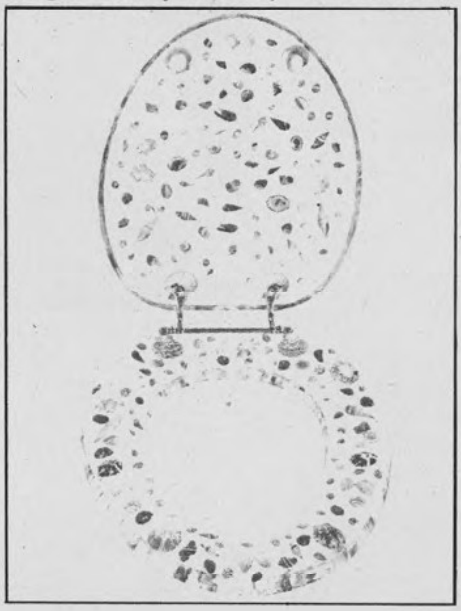
"Themroc," a French flic which premiered at the Museum of Modern Art, is a fantasy of total freedom. Its hero is Themroc, who freaks out completely—sexually, socially, politically. In addition to lusting incestously for his younger sister who walks about their house with a loose gown which hides nothing, he has a thing for a sexy secretary and in a hilarious scene, he crawls under her desk in the office of the factory where he used to work and he plays around while she giggles wildly and polishes her nails with a vibrator-shaped gadget.

Groovy girls galore will beat a path to the bathroom in your pad when you install the latest "in" conversation piece toilet scenes: solid see-through plastic ones in which coins, butterflies, seashells, screws, nuts, or strands of barbed wire have been incased.

Eating, drinking and sex play a large role in many artists' work and Roland Topor, who exhibits at the prestigious Lefebre Gallery is no exception. But there is an exciting quality about his sardonic, nightmarish visions which mark his works apart and make him a man to watch. His painting of a man displaying a cluster of grapes through the open fly of his trousers is, if not a shocker, certainly bizarre, and his pastoral of a sheep grazing near a girl lying prone in the grass is certainly erotic and an attention-grabber.

"Una grappa, per favore" and "Green pasture" are two of the attention-grabbers exhibited recently by the talented artist, Roland Topor.

Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider sit one out during the huge money-maker, "The Last Tango In Paris."

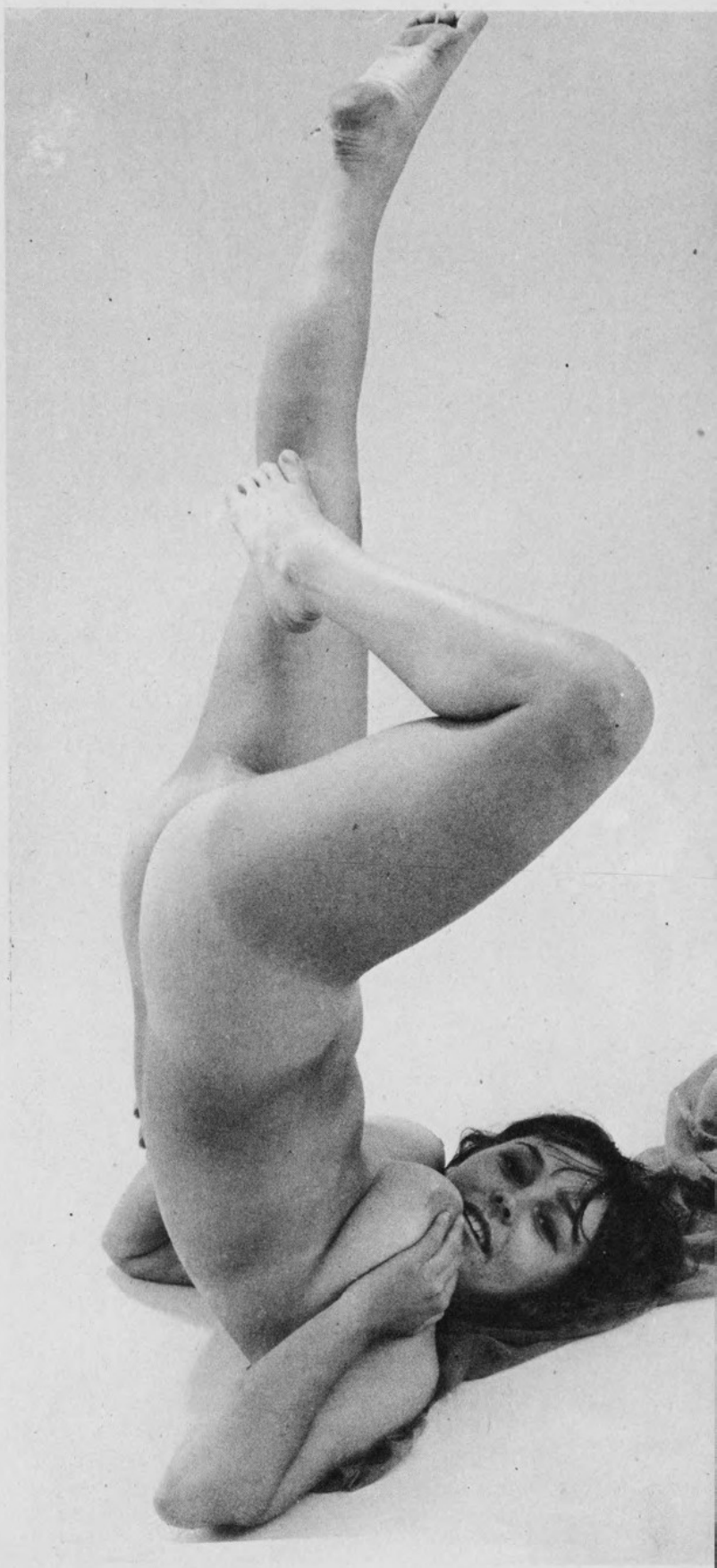


For people who have everything, there are new conversation piece plastic, see-through toilet seats in which coins, seashells and butterflies are encased.

Barbara

As you can see, Barbara is a striking looking lass with a terrifically-endowed shape. Surprisingly enough, she used to teach school before she decided to devote full time to modeling. One of the reasons she left the school system was the principle of the thing—the principal was an old wolf who tried to get her to stay after school all the time. Barbara gave him a bad mark in conduct for this, and taught him that it was only the bright students who were expected to make advances in class. Barbara had problems with other male members of the faculty. One of them tried to test her in the supply room one time and flunked badly. So did all the others who made passes. None of them made the grade with her.

So that's why Barbara became a model, and this ex-school marm has taught us that a girl can be both brainy and beautiful. Even while posing, her mind is busy thinking of ideas and plots for the short stories she intends to write



as soon as she develops a more facile and professional style. While we were shooting her, she came up with this shorty which she calls, "The Long And The Short Of It." One cold winter's day a female midget hobbled into a doctor's office. After waiting her turn, she finally got in to see the doctor and reported that she was suffering from a severe irritation between the legs. "Is the pain a constant one?" asked the doctor.

"No" the tiny woman replied, "I notice it only when I go out on cold, snowy days."

"Well, sit up on this table and let's examine you," said the doctor.

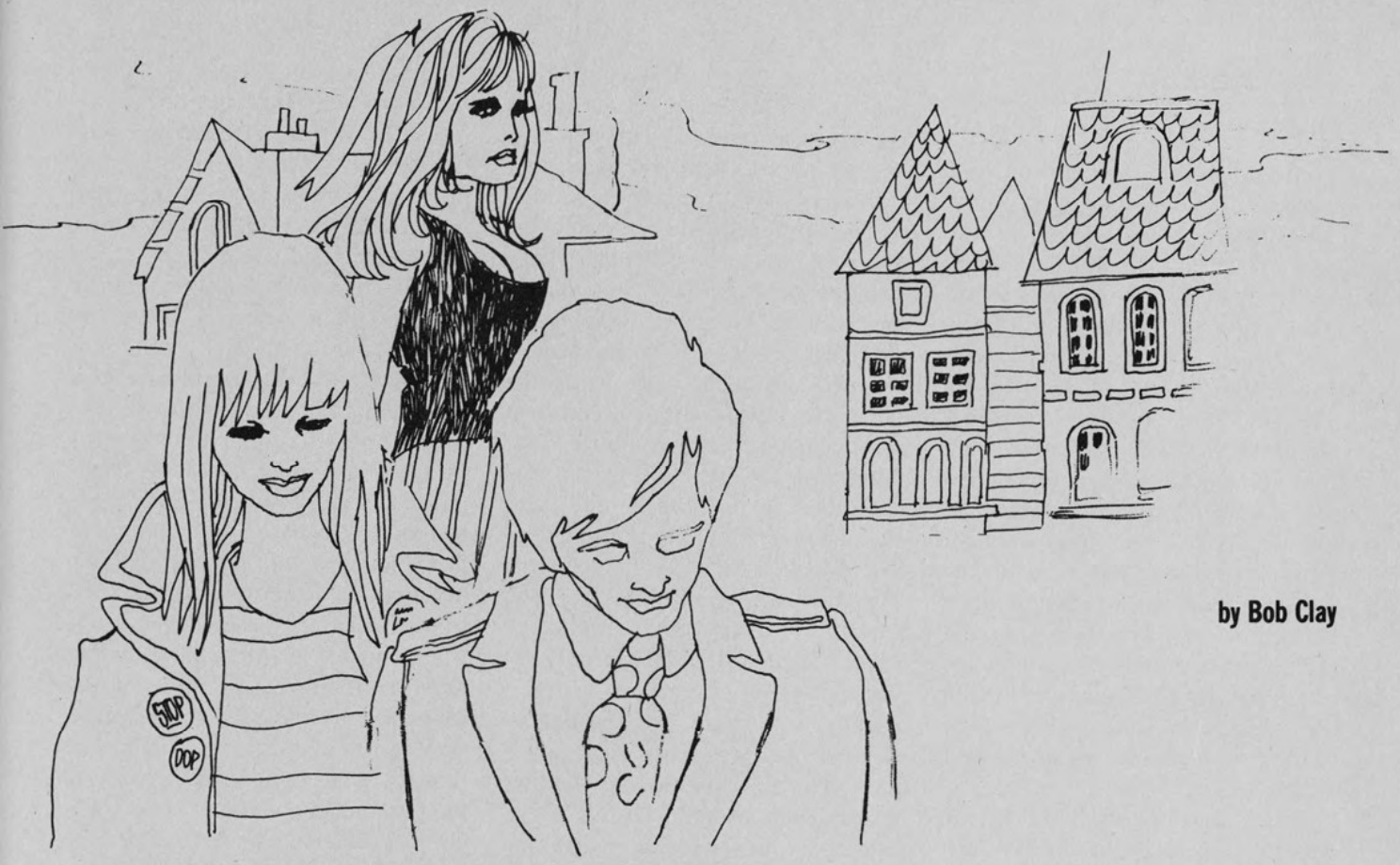
He instructed the midget to lift her skirt, whereupon he studied the situation, then produced a pair of medical shears from among his instruments. While she waited fearfully, he began snipping.

"Aren't you going to use an anesthetic?" she asked. "That won't be necessary," he reassured her. "All right," he said at last, "get down from the table and try walking now."

The midget did so, and reported amazed. "Why, I feel wonderful. What did you do?" "It was simple," said the medic. "I just cut two inches off the top of your galoshes."

Pretty good, Barbara. The long and short about Barbara is that she can't miss, no matter what field she goes into. But in one respect, it's too bad she dropped out of the school system. If she had remained, there'd be less drop-outs. □

"Have a good time at the convention, dear, and promise not to sneak home and surprise me."



by Bob Clay

THE DASTARD!

Really, old chap, there are some things a friend does . . . or does not do . . . that are just too much

A good-looking young man was standing at a London bar one evening, scowling angrily. A friend of his entered the bar, saw him, and came up beside him. "Hello, Peter, old boy," he greeted him. "You seem to be in a bad mood tonight, from the looks of you."

.."Oh, I'm so furious, I could kill him!" growled Peter. "Oh, that dastard! That filthy swine!"

.."Whom are you talking about?" asked his companion.

.."You know the rodent," said Peter, "that Albert Dexter. Oh, the vile dog!"

.."What happened? What did he do?"

.."What did he do!" cried Peter. "I'll tell you what he did! I invited him to spend last week-end at our country house. Oh, I could kill him!"

.."But I don't understand. What exactly did he do? Didn't he show up?"

.."Oh, he showed up, all right. Then, during the time he was there, he slept with my sister!"

.."Your sister!"

.."Oh, but that isn't all!" cried Peter. "Oh, no! He slept with my mother! He slept with my aunt! But with me? Nothing!"

THE DEVIL'S BITE

continued from page 29

Devil's bite," she announced proudly. "It's the final step of the change-over process. Most of the men I make love to think it's cute. After tonight, you'll see what I mean. Following the ceremony, you'll know all there is to know about demonology, about sex, about living your life as a beautiful person." Marcie climbed into the shower stall. She and Dottie were definitely an odd couple. Dottie was a homely-looking blond with the personality of a gutted jellyfish. She was plain, shy and as sensual as a warthog in heat. Her tiny, sagging breasts were flaccid and below her pot-bellied stomach was the black, bushy undergrowth of her pubic hair which was a comic contrast with the mousy blond hair on her head.

Dottie was apprehensive as the girls dressed to go to the Sabbeth congregation. "Will I look like you?" she asked, hoping to receive an affirmative answer. Marcie put her arms around Dottie's waist. "Believe me," she began, "I was the ugliest, redheaded bitch that ever walked the earth. I had drooping tits, fat legs and horrible freckles all over my body. He made me look like this. All I had to do was sign away my soul. What good is a beautiful soul if you can't see it? Have you ever met a man who wanted to ball your soul?"

"I never met a sober man who wanted to ball me," confessed Dottie.

"After tonight, you can count the bulges in men's pants as you pass." Dottie smiled at that wonderful thought as Marcie led her to the elevator.

The full moon was already climbing in the sky as they hopped into a taxi. They drove to the dingy slum section of town. They got out of the cab near a dark, ominous alleyway. Dottie clung nervously to Marcie's side as their footsteps echoed through the shadows. They walked into a stuffy, musky smelling basement. They stepped over spilled garbage and ignored scurrying rats as they approached a wooden door with an encircled pentagram painted on it. Marcie led Dottie through the doorway into a room lit by strange smelling candles. There were men's and women's clothing hanging on wall pegs around the room. Marcie stripped and told Dottie to do the same. The blond hesitated, and then complied. She had complete confidence in her friend.

"I have to join the coven," said Marcie, indicating that she would go in a different direction than Dottie. The redhead pointed to a black curtain. "Go in there," she said. "The Master will join you and the transplant will take place."

Dottie was afraid, but she did as she was told. The room was pitch black. The air was cold and clammy against her naked flesh. Then, suddenly, white smoke appeared out of thin air. She wanted to scream but her facial muscles froze in a horrifying expression of terror. Two red, burning coals began to glow in the strange mist. The coals were burning, fiery eyes. The eyes were Satan's. The mist started to swirl and formed a horned, bodyless head. The head floated aimlessly around the room as if examining the naked female patient before it.

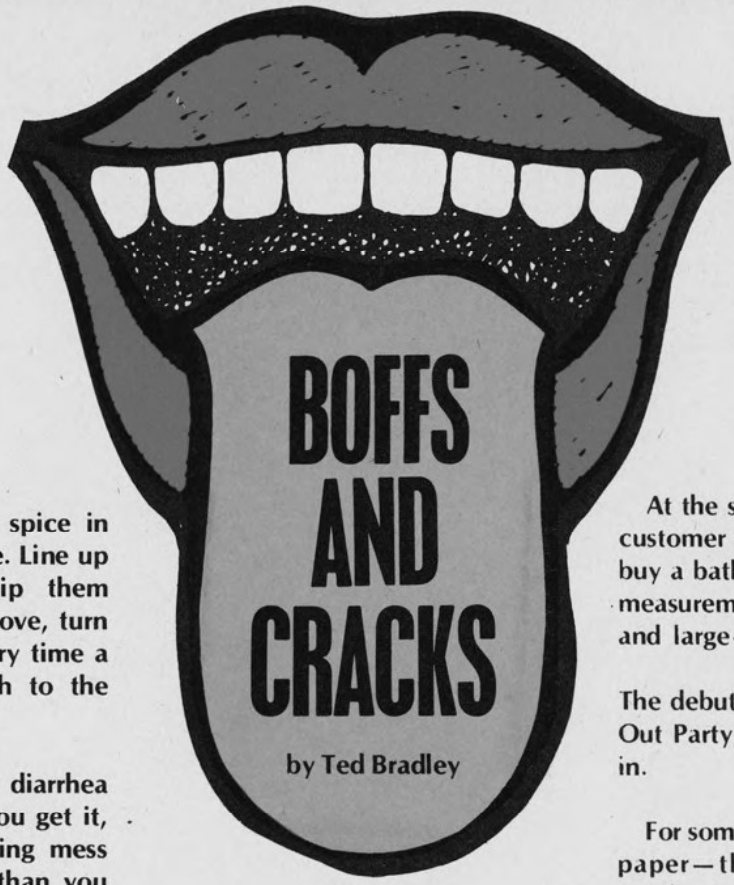
"Do you wish to become one of us?" asked Lucifer, baring yellow, decaying teeth. Dottie's flesh was a quivering mass of boneless pudding. Too frightened to speak, she nodded affirmatively. "Will you sign away your soul?" asked the demon. Dottie hesitated. Perhaps fear or moral reconsideration stifled her tongue. "I will make you beautiful," tempted the Devil. "There is no payment until after death. You may live a hundred years. Think of it . . . a hundred years as a beautiful woman with every man your slave. Of course, after death there will be some slight agony, but death is so far away. Play now and pay later."

"Yes!" screamed Dottie. "I'll give you my soul. Make me beautiful!"

The Devil instructed her to lay on her back. "Spread your legs and offer your body to me," he commanded. Dottie slowly slid her knees apart. The head was floating at her feet. The remaining smoke began to swirl and churn below it. The smoke became the torso of a man. The demonic body was complete except for genitals. Finally, the mist formed the longest, thickest, dangling member in the history of the universe. Like a towering skyscraper, it climbed higher and higher. The Devil lowered himself and entered her body. Further and further his snake crawled inside her. She whimpered and thought it would never end. More and more of the snake was consumed. The pain grew greater and greater. When she thought she could stand no more, their pubic regions met. The Devil lowered his face to her chest. He bared gleaming fangs and bit deeply into her left breast. Dottie felt as if her mind wasn't a part of her body. She felt her breasts swelling and growing. She felt a change coming over the rest of her body. She felt the skin of her face stretching and tightening itself. The Devil extracted his fangs. The transplant was complete. The demonic face smiled at its new victim and then he began to fade. First the smoke hovered above Dottie, and then once again she was alone. She shook her head and tried to regain her senses. Then laughter, piercing bitter laughter slapped her back into reality. Candles were lit and the brighteness betrayed the audience of naked cult worshippers surrounding her.

Exasperated, she angrily jumped to her feet. Before she could insult the spectators with poisonous curses, a full length mirror was brought before her. "Holy cow!" she remarked in astonishment. The image staring back from the mirror was a sensational looking, genuine platinum blond. The body was

(*continued on page 58*)



BOFFS AND CRACKS

by Ted Bradley

Fellows, to put a little spice in your vice, play TV Roulette. Line up six gorgeous broads, strip them naked, get in one gal's groove, turn on the television, and every time a commercial comes, switch to the next channel.

There's a new type of diarrhea called "Watergate." First you get it, and then the whole stinking mess starts to come out faster than you can cover it up.

OVERHEARD: "Talk about cold women: when she went for plastic surgery, instead of silicones, they used Snow Cones."

A well-known Hollywood actress just divorced her fourth husband, on account of premature ejaculation. Exhibit A was the couple's front door "Welcome" mat, which was simply sopping.

A shapely lass explained to the clerk at the Unemployment Office, "I had a swell job as a calendar model, until I skipped a few months."

Mates, never sleep alone on a water bed. You might wake up with a wet dream.

Every man should have a woman for love, companionship and sympathy—and a wife on the side, just in case the first three find out about each other.

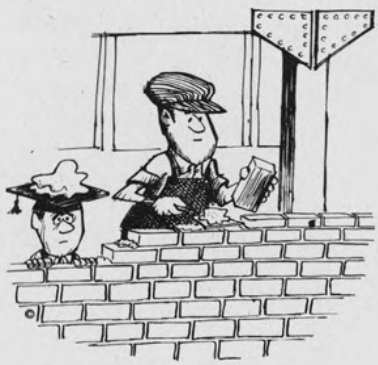
Remember girls, it's not the size of the ship that counts, it's the motion of the ocean.

. . "Ecology is great," says Sarabelle, "but you'll never catch me recycling my sanitary pads."

With rubber in short supply, and a slowdown on toilet bowl production, they've got us coming and going.

An obstetrician's wife called him at the clinic and asked what he was doing. He answered, "Oh, nothing much—just watching the tube."

As you all know, there's an exotic story behind some marital splits, but most often it's the same old tail.



At the swimwear counter, a male customer told the clerk, "I'd like to buy a bathing suit for my wife. Her measurements are small, medium and large—in that order."

The debutante called it her Coming Out Party, but everyone was going in.

For some love is like a roll of toilet paper—the first piece is the roughest.

Women's Libbers are responsible for our sluggish stock market. Every time a femme throws away her bra, it drops two points.

Talk about crime on the streets! Things are bad in some cities that Ladies of the Evening go out only in the afternoon.

Girls know it will be a swinging party, when they ask their hostess if they should wear a long dress or a short one, and she says, "No."

If a guy wants to give his date money, that's his business. If she gives him something in return, it's her business.

A new vibrator on the market for women is to be used only for relief from insomia. It's called "Dildoze."

And then there's the girl who slapped the hitch hiker when he asked, "Do you mind if I thumb it?"

The dude who likes to lie in bed can usually find a girl willing to listen to him.

THE DEVIL'S BITE

continued from page 56

perfect. Dottie had become Aphrodite of the waves. The remainder of the Sabbat worship was devoted to love making. The new Dottie took on every male member of the coven, her lust seemingly insatiable. Dottie continued balling when all other tired. She was the last to leave the meeting place.

"No matter what agony I suffer in hell, it's worth it," she muttered to herself in the outer dressing room. "I'll cheat the Master by living to a thousand," she laughed as she walked up the basement stairs into the dark alley. The mysterious shadows seemed more threatening now that she was alone. She thought she heard footsteps behind her but figured it was the work of her imagination. . . But it wasn't!

"You're beautiful," she heard a gruff voice remark from the dark. A dirty hand shot out and grabbed her throat. The greasy fingers choked off any scream and the burly figure pulled her close to him in the shadows. "Don't fight me," he ordered as his free hand ripped off the front of her dress. He tore away the bra and panties. "A beautiful girl like you does things to me," he rasped as he fondled her perfect breasts.

Dottie lashed out and tried to kick her attacker in the groin. She missed and her attempt angered him. He produced a gleaming switchblade from his pocket and flicked the blade into a locked position. "You shouldn't have done that," he snarled before he repeatedly hacked away at her smooth, satiny flesh. Blood splattered over her beautiful chest and covered the tiny tattoo on the left breast. Streams of the vibrant red blood ran down the flat stomach, stained the blond pubic strands and sank into the senuous valley below. The attacker removed the blade one final time and then dropped his victim to the trash-covered alley ground. The body quivered spasmodically as blood pumped its way onto the pavement. Then, even the twitching stopped. The killer shook his senseless head. "Beautiful," he whispered horasely as he furtively sneaked away. The new Dottie didn't hear him; she had already left to pay a very painful debt. □

"Yes, I know Bertha Gergens. Why do you ask?"

STICKER IT TO THEM!

continued from page 21

WITH COOLIDGE signs. I LIKE IKE was one of the most popular of all times and NIXON'S THE ONE can now, of course, be interpreted in many different ways.

The major reason for putting a bumper sticker on one's car is to advertise a belief (presumably held by the owner/driver) and thus "educate" the driver of the car following to this belief. If the statement, injunction or slogan can be made humorous, this is an aid to receptivity, say psychologists who have studied the bumper sticker and the related wall sticker (printed grafitti) as a social communications phenomenon.

The producers of bumper stickers follow the trend of the times and can often supply retail outlets with timely slogans within a few days after a subject appears in newspaper headlines. For example, a week after the Watergate hearings began to implicate President Nixon, the Hollywood "head shops" stocked up on stickers with IMPEACH NIXON and IMPEACHMENT WITH HONOR. Anticipating President Nixon's defense in the political scandal, two different outfits came out with LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR.

Bumper stickers provide a highly visible means of communicating ecological concerns. For example, when a large California developer moved into Colorado with plans to make an "instant city" out of several hundred acres of forest, hundred of Colorado cars in the area carried DON'T CALIFORNICATE COLORADO signs.

A number of popular stickers include slogans about love and sex.

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#425 LUST FOR LEATHER
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#26 BLACK DIAMOND Opera House
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If you're an observant driver, you might have noticed that some of the conventional signs had been rewritten into something quite different. For example, the "don't tailgate" sign often seen has a funny version: KEEP YOUR DISTANCE—THIS CAR MADE IN DETROIT.

The ever-present KEEP AMERICA GREEN slogan also has a few addenda: KEEP AMERICA GREEN—USE GREEN PAINT; KEEP AMERICA GREEN—SUPPORT THE IRISH and KEEP AMERICA GREEN—PLANT A TREE TODAY. This last one is, of course, sponsored by the nurserymen's organization.

Reading bumper stickers can be dangerous because many are in small letters and to read them you must tailgate the car, posing the possibility that a sudden stop may cause you to ram it. You are aware of this as you spy a sign pasted on the rear bumper of the car ahead of you. You speed up slightly to read the two small lines of print when the car's tail light flashes and you jam om your brakes to avoid a collision. But you do manage to read the sticker: DO NOT TAILGATE—AVOID REAR-END COLLISION. □

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BEER HALL ATLAS

continued from page 6

blacksmith or lumberjack. Once the cap is positioned, the squeezing must be powerful enough to start the bending, and there must be enough endurance to follow through with the folding. The beer drinking strongman Mac Batchelor in the 1950's could bend four bottle caps between his fingers and thumb at one time. The 250-pound lifter could also lift over 3,000 pounds with his back. One can increase his finger and gripping strength with a few exercises in only a few days.

The saloon gripping strength champions are adept at picking up bar stools or chairs by one rung. Some of these, depending on how much is hefted and the size of the rung, demand a lot of forearm power. One has to train to accomplish this feat unless he has enough power already. In some bars in the South especially, the grip specialists like to take a broom. They lay it on the floor, pile a couple of bricks on it, and then pick up the broom by the end of the handle with one hand. It takes power. One can train for this exhibition by gripping the handle farther down to the sweeping end. After some practice, one can build enough power to pick up the weight by the end of the handle.

Arm or wrist wrestling is the Olympic duel where there is ale-wet air. This type of encounter demands forearm, biceps, and shoulder power. Husky, very muscular types tend to excell. But some slim, even skinny, men have great arm wrestling power. Their strength

comes from the ligaments rather than muscular bulk. Many strong guys will pit their power to see who buys the beers.

Keg lifting began before the invention of the dolly truck. Generations ago, beer delivery men had to unload the barrels from wagons and trucks. And, some guys came in to drink beer that could lift them even better. A half-century and more ago, muscle men hefted the kegs of brew routinely. In 1845 Angus McAskill, the 7'9" Scotsman who was featured as the giant in P. T. Barnum's Circus, picked up a 140-gallon puncheon in a New York tavern one night and drank from the bung hole. The 405-pounder let the midget Tom Thumb dance a jig in the palm of one hand during their act. Some of the strongest beer drinkers in the old days could shoulder a keg with ease, but most weighed more than 200 pounds. They sometimes hefted almost 300 pounds.

One of the newest strength feats was introduced by the plastic which laces a six-pack together. The arm and chest muscle men can fold the tough plastic and then rip it apart in a straight chest pull movement.

Most men can't tear the tough stuff, and it takes considerable power to pull one of the pieces apart when it isn't folded. Practice and exercise with a cable chest pull will build sufficient power. Weightlifting in general will also produce such strength. Yanking the plastic to pieces takes raw power.

Finger pulling contests are still held in Europe. Two guys face each other across a sturdy beer table. They entwine middle fingers with the other hand laying flat on the table. The one who hauls the other out of his seat—or jerks him across the table—wins.

Undoubtedly, the knights of old who clanked around the mead halls did their jousting over tankards of brew. Beer joint athletes may have big bellies, but they are among the most powerful performers. They are Ale Americans in their own element.

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VICKI

Vicki, a bright-spirited Philosophy major has taken some time out from her studies in college to pose for us, and we're mighty glad to have her adorn our pages. Her cheerful pretty face and tantalizing figure shots are great subjects for you readers to study.

Vicki is one of the busiest coeds we've run across in a long time. In addition to putting in many hours a day studying both ancient and contemporary philosophers, she's captain of the cheerleading team and a star member of the girls' gymnastic team.

Vicki invited us to watch the cheerleading team work out, and we gratefully accepted. She's quite a sight in her outfit, and she always attracts plenty of attention on the ballfield. The umpires have been known to concentrate on her curves and formations during games, and one opposing team claimed that Vicki's school was engaging in unfair and unethical play by permitting her to appear in her skimpy outfit. It seems that the guys just couldn't keep their minds on the game when she was in sight.

Vicki's professors claim she has one of the best female minds at the school, and we feel she's got one of the best female bodies, in or out of school, which makes her an all-around winner. It doesn't take a great philosopher to figure out that Vicki has got what it takes to become a success in life. □

SANDRA

Sandra is a girl who has a thing for carpets. Not only are all her rooms wall-to-walled, but also the staircases and several wall panels. When we first became aware of this, the wheels in our head started turning and we diagnosed that Sandra had a neurotic hang-up stemming from her childhood when she must have lived in a house with bare floors. Unable to contain ourselves, we decided to bring our psychiatric findings right out in the open and discuss them with Sandra. They produced an immediate response from her – she laughed right in our face. We couldn't be more wrong, she chuckled. She went on to explain that her family is

in the floor covering business and that she has always lived in a rug-filled home. I said we should shake hands because my family was in the rug business, too – they make hair-pieces for men. Sandra looked at me a little more intently and I could see that she was trying to figure out if I was wearing a "rug" myself. I made a mental vow that she'd never find out from me (and I'm sure my hair-dresser won't tell). Keep them guessing, that's my motto.

But there's nothing to guess at as far as Sandra is concerned. She's got everything and is proud to let the world know it. □

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THE LATE SHOW . . .

A newlywed in Edinburgh, Scotland explained that the reason he took his bride out only after dark was because he didn't want people to see her because she was so homely.

TWO OF A KIND . . .

According to a well-known man-about-town, there are two kinds of women: those who can talk and talk on any given subject—and those who don't need a subject.

SELF-ANALYSIS . . .

A husband in Los Angeles cuffed his bride around, hauled her across the cold floor by her ankles, and then said:

"I guess I just can't adjust to marriage."

LIONHEARTED . . .

The will of the late Daniel Gilbert of Kirkburton, England, gave specific instructions that he was to be buried in the same grave with his wife and that the tombstone be inscribed: "Daniel in the lion's den."

FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENT . . .

Determined to prevent his wife from slipping out of their bed for some possible outside dilly-dallying, a signor in Trento, Italy tied one of his spouse's legs to his own at night.

WELL PLACED . . .

Hauled before a magistrate by his bride because he had brought his former sweetheart home to live with them, a young Londoner explained that the girl had lost her room and needed a place to stay.

STREET SCENE . . .

In Milan, Italy the judge soaked a man brought into court on a wife-beating charge fifty dollars—not for beating his wife but for breaking glass in the street. The man's wife wore glasses which had broken while she was getting her lumps.

HEATED FEELINGS . . .

A Croatian farmer in Yugoslavia set fire to a neighbor's barn. When asked to explain why, he replied, "I did it to get in prison to escape from my wife."

NUMEROLOGY . . .

Ahmand Irshad, a sheik from Pakistan, explaining that while religious laws permit him four wives, one is enough: "One wife is necessary, a second wife is a luxury, a third wife is a waste, and a fourth is punishment."

HELP WANTED . . .

A chap in Baltimore was confronted by his wife who stated that she knew he was having an affair with his secretary, and demanded that he fire her.

The husband stood firm. "Absolutely not. Good secretaries are very hard to find."

OF CABLES AND WIRES . . .

During a furniture convention in Copenhagen, an American department store owner who shall remain anonymous received a cable from his wife which read: "Heard you are running around. Come home. Why spend money on what you can get for nothing?"

Annoyed, he wired her back: "To hell with your bargains."

PYRAMID POWER AND SEX

continued from page 9

tingling with sexual excitement. Just an orgasm of the total body."

"Sexually," a University of Tennessee track star said, "the pyramid inspires me. I don't think it is psychological either. I think the force actually pulls my penis to an erection and quickens my desire. I keep a tiny one under my dorm bed." Other college men and women are stashing them in their pads also.

Some men with an intense desire to increase their sexuality are actually covering their sex organ with a pyramid. Although none are officially documented, some report an increase in size. Others maintain they can maintain more staying power than ever before after keeping their sex organ inside a pyramid before engaging in intercourse.

"One guy insisted he keep his penis inside a pyramid right up to the time of the act," one Vanderbilt coed reported of her encounters with pyramid followers. "And, something sure inspired him. Because he had sexual energy which he never had before, with me or from other girls I know." Incidentally, many women have reported affairs with pyramid power as enthusiastically as the men.

"I can feel the sexual desire when I wake up after sleeping with a pyramid under my bed," a female Kentucky astrologer says. "Before I started using the thing, when I got up in the morning, I was nothing but sleepy. Now I'm ready for my boyfriend before breakfast."

Some laymen have wild conjectures concerning pyramids. They contend that the pubic hair of the female is definitely one side of an inverted pyramid. They can't say how to get the other sides to complete the shape though.

Pyramid power does not work at random, authorities note. One must be precise and follow the directions to get the best potential results. You need a compass. Pyramids must be pointing at magnetic north. They must be kept as far from windows as possible. Heating elements like radiators also detract from the power. Fluorescent lights and electrical appliances, including radios and TV sets, also are detrimental to the pyramid force.

"If you do all that," one leader in the field says, "it may or may not work. If you don't, it certainly won't work." He is one of the foremost researchers on the energy accumulating shape.

You may make any size pyramid you want. You're limited only by materials and space. Any non-metallic material will suffice, but cardboard, plastic, and styrofoam are the most popular. Most pyramid makers build their dimensions by cutting four triangles whose sides measure 8 and 7/8 inches with each base being 9 and 3/8 inches. The pieces may be glued or taped together.

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these pyramids on your head is markedly improved. And the lightweight ones are not too heavy for setting on other parts of the anatomy that need some of the mystic energy. But, remember to position one side of the shape towards the north. Of course, with males the results may point another direction.

Trying to get a woman to lie down facing precisely magnetic north might also enhance the pyramid research. Care should be taken not to misplace the compass. □

SEXY SEA NYMPHS

continued from page 27

clerk, I was the only man around. Not that I minded, of course, but for just a fleeting moment I thought I might have mistakenly checked into the YWCA! But this bevy of curvaceous birds simply didn't fit into that scene!

After hurriedly unpacking I returned to the pool area for a cocktail, and no sooner had I settled down comfortably than a sexy, lank-haired blond sauntered over to where I was sitting down in the chair alongside me. I tried desperately to concentrate on her limpid blue eyes, but couldn't resist a hurried glance at her full breasts that cried out to be released from the narrow piece of cloth that did little more than cover her nipples. "Hi, Skipper!" she said, as she cocked her long, shapely leg over the arm of her chair. "I haven't seen you around here before. Did you just drop anchor?"

"Yeah, I guess you might call it that," I told her. "As a matter of fact, I just flew down from Miami a few days ago. How about a drink?"

She quickly nodded. "Make mine gin and tonic."

As I sipped my Jack Daniels, the curvy chick said her name was Kathy and that she had been born in London but for the past five years had been sailing the seven seas as a vagabond adventuress. "I guess you could call me a sea nymph on the loose," she purred, "but man, I really dig this life. I've worked as a deck-hand, in the galley, a First Mate, and even Captain's mistress," she laughed.

"Sounds like fun," I remarked.

"Sometimes yes—sometimes no," she answered. "It all depends on the skipper. If he's young, tall, dark and handsome like you," she continued, her eyelashes fluttering seductively, "then it can be real groovy. But I'm not always that lucky."

It didn't take me long to learn that Puntarenas was the focal point of literally hundreds of sea-roving chicks, a regular clearing house for bosomy babes who had arrived, like so much driftwood, from every part of the world, waiting for the chance to be signed on aboard one of the ships ready to set sail for distant horizons. As a matter of fact. Puntarenas in a nautical sense is considered crossroads of the world. Ships drop anchor here before continuing on through the Panama Canal on their way to the Bahamas, the Canary Islands, or the French Riviera, while others take on food and supplies before hoisting their sails for Acapulco, Hawaii, Tahiti, or Hong Kong. According to Kathy, about twenty sea-going vessels either leave or arrive here every day, and most sign on from two to six swinging mermaids before weighing anchor.

"Look at all these girls sitting around this pool," Kathy told me. "Some have just arrived from cruises to God knows where, and are just waiting to be picked up for a new trip, while others have drifted in hoping to attractive the eye of some wealthy skipper. Believe me," she remarked, "being a sea nymph is a hell of a lot more exciting than hitchhiking thru Europe or America—and I've tried them both!"

I finally confessed that I had come to Puntarenas to charter a boat for a treasure hunt on Cocos Island. The blond nearly flipped. "Oh, man!" she exclaimed. "This kind of thing is just my bag! I've always wanted to look for pirate gold!"

I lit a cigarette and leaned back in my chair, envisioned this shapely,

blue-eyed blond and me making out under a starlit sky as the white billowy sails carried us southward toward treasure island. Perhaps Kathy misinterpreted my momentary silence, for she quickly blurted out: "Look, Skipper, I'm broad minded. If you'd like to play it cozy, I can get three or four other young swingers around here to go with us—between us, we'll flip your jib!"

She leaned over across the table, her bountiful boobies nearly popping out of her bikini top. "And it's all for free, luv," she cooed, her sensuous lips breaking into a smile. "Now, how does that grab you?"

It was the best offer I'd had in weeks! Man, this sexy mermaid was really something! It was obvious that all a guy had to do was throw out a hint that he was going to charter a boat. From then on it was smooth sailing. I promised myself that if I was ever lucky enough to find that buried treasure down on Cocos, the first thing I'd do would be to buy a 70-foot luxury yacht, hire a crew of these luscious water nymphs and spend the rest of my life grooving on the high seas!

Before the night was over I signed Kathy on as First Mate on my hypothetical ship that would one day in the near future set sail for Cocos Island. No sooner had we agreed upon the arrangement than she ducked out of the motel, returning about twenty minutes later with her sea bag slung across her shoulder, and moved into my room, lock, stock and barrel.

Almost immediately I was completely transformed from a landlubber treasure hunter to a prospective sea wolf living in a fascinating new world of ships, trade winds, far horizons and exotic ports of call, and for all this I had to thank my beautiful blond tutor, the British swinger who, since our first encounter, had taken over. She taught me the salty songs of the sea, peppered with four-letter words, and spicy innuendoes. She insisted that since a sea voyage was imminent, I should dress accordingly, and on one

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of our shopping sprees through the quaint bustling town, I purchased a naval officer's hat loaded with heavy gold braid.

Wherever we went, Kathy immediately attracted attention dressed as she was in her white hot-pants, skimpy red halter and a pert sailor's hat perched on the back of her head. She disdained shoes with a passion, as did most of the other sexy young sirens of the open sea. Her knowledge of sex was tremendous, and she insisted on teaching me some way-out ways of making love which she's learned in far distant places, calling for unbelievable positions which belonged on the drawing board of Rube Goldberg, but, mates, they all worked!

To refer to Kathy as a sea "nympho" doesn't tell the whole story. This ravishing, full-bosomed babe was insatiable—a turned-on volcano that was continually in eruption—and I enjoyed every moment of it! With her I scoured the waterfront, talking to ship owners whose boats were for charter. The most beautiful of all was an 87-foot full-rigged schooner with auxilliary motor. The *Conquistador* was constructed of teak wood and had been built in Hong Kong. It had six staterooms, two bars, small but elegantly furnished dining room, and a Chinese cook. The owner, a wealthy American, told me the ship had cost him close to $300,000, but in my opinion, it was worth every penny of it.

Unfortunately, the charter price was $200 a day and as I expected to be gone about six weeks I had to scratch the *Conquistador* from my list of possibilities.

Kathy was acquainted with many of the captains and I knew that I would have no trouble eventually finding a small sloop or cruiser that would fit into my budget. But by this time, I was in no hurry to leave—hell, I was having a ball! Almost every night we received invitations to attend gala ship affairs, but turned most of them down, although we went to two or three that were really wild and ended in drunken orgies. The trouble was there were never enough men around to take care of all the sexy young babes, and as the night passed, loaded to the gills, they often went after any young guy with hammer and tongs, seeking fulfillment not only in pairs, but in groups.

But Kathy and I preferred spending the nights skinny-dipping under a starlit sky. Although the beach stretched for miles, we chose a secluded cove just a short distance from town, where we stripped and frolicked for hours in the clear warm water. It was here, too, that Kathy taught me another seafaring trick—how to make love while she clung precariously to a lifebuoy some distance from shore. She said it was a favorite pasttime among the islanders in Tahiti. It was a rather complicated maneuver, but the results were extremely satisfying.

Oftentimes, too, we would visit a few of the more popular open-air cantinas along the waterfront, and spend the evening dancing to the frenzied Latin rhythms provided by small combos that drifted in occasionally from other parts of Central or South America. Most of the patrons were Costa Ricans, and it gave me a good chance of looking over the local crop of delightful young dollies. I was surprised to see that among the dark-haired, flashing-eyed, voluptuous *señoritas,* were many blonds and redheads, but Kathy told me that Costa Rica was unique among Latin American countries in that there never had been any Indians in this part of the world, and today's *"ticas,"* as the locals are referred to, are a mixture of British, French, German and Spanish.

Possibly because of their strict upbringing, the Latin cuties gathered in small clusters around the tables, talking animatedly to each other in subdued voices, although quickly arising each time someone asked them to dance.

"Don't let them fool you with their sanctimonious attitude," Kathy said laughingly, "we call them 'daytime virgins' because once night falls,

man if you get one of them alone, they'll swing as much as the rest of us. Some of my men friends around here tell me they're hotter than *pistolas!*"

The weeks passed all too quickly and quite frankly, I hated the thought of leaving Puntarenas. Surrounded and engulfed as I was by all these delectable dishes, it was like putting a starving sailor in front of a smorgasbord! And man, was I ever hungry!

Still another unbelievable feature of this paradise on the Pacific was the fact that my motel room cost only $2.50 a night, nor did they raise the price when Kathy moved in. The few restaurants around town were equally inexpensive, and served a great variety of fresh fish and other crustacean delights. A guy could live in Puntarenas for peanuts and I couldn't help but wonder why it hadn't become a girl watchers' paradise on a large scale. But I came to the conslusion that Costa Rica wasn't exactly considered a hot spot and that Puntarenas remains practically unknown, excepting only to those traveling the sea lanes. But that shouldn't deter any virile, red-blooded American landlubber from taking advantage of the sex-hungry, sea bunnies who flock here in droves looking for adventure and excitement. Amazingly, the flight from Miami to San Jose is only a two-hour hop by jet and both PAN AM and LASCA (the Costa Rican Airline) make several flights each week; round-trip fare is only $172.00.

As far as Kathy was concerned, almost every day was like homecoming, as new ships dropped anchor and unloaded their bevy of sea nymphs, many of whom she'd met previously in various parts of the world, and some of their advantures were almost beyond belief.

According to the sultry, auburn-haired Nicole, who hailed from Quebec, a millionaire Chinese ship owner, Ling Foo, who owned half of Taiwan, picked her up in Hong Kong at the beginning of his world cruise. "This lecherous old weirdo," she said, "looked like Fu Manchu, but

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he had probably the most unique harem aboard I had ever seen—a girl from nearly every country in the world, including an Ethiopian who was well over six feet tall, and a shapely brown-skinned Amazon Indian from Peru."

The cruise had lasted nearly a year and when it was over, Nicole flew to San Francisco from Hong Kong and then caught a ride on a luxury cruiser down to Puntarenas. "Now, I'm looking for a new piece of action," she laughed, "and Kathy told me you're leaving soon on a treasure hunt. How about signing me on as 'second mate?'" she purred. "I've got wonderful credentials, *cherie,* don't you agree?" With that, she stood up to give me a better view of her long shapely legs and pert bosom.

Her proposition was tempting, but I refrained from making an immediate commitement. Besides, Kathy was almost as much as I could handle. But I must admit, that little French pastry sure was a sex-pot! Three days later, she signed on for a cruise to the West Indies, and that was the last we saw of Nicole.

Late one afternoon, just when I had almost decided to charter a small sloop which I was offered for only $25 a day, Kathy came rushing out on the long wharf where I was standing. "Oh, honey," she cried, her eyes glittering with excitement, "I think I've done something awful."

"What do you mean, baby?" I asked, encircling her waist with my arm.

"Promise you won't be angry?" she asked, in a little girl's voice.

"Shoot, kid, I can take it," I said.

"Well," she began as she pointed over to an elegant cabin cruiser that had just docked that morning, "see that ship over there? I met the captain, and he's from England—and do you know what? He's sailing with the tide tomorrow morning for Liverpool, and then going on to Fiji and Australia," she added, her eyes searching my face quizzically, "and I signed on as First Mate."

For a moment I was furious, but tried to conceal it. After all, at heart, Kathy was a sea gypsy who could never belong to anyone for any length of time, and I guess we both realized it. But I hated to see her go. I liked her adventurous spirit and carefree nature, and more than that, she had somehow managed to work her way into my heart, and I knew I'd miss her for a hell of a long time.

Arm in arm we returned to the Miramar where she packed her sea bag and moments later, was ready to leave. "I don't know when I'll be back, Jack," she said, "maybe it'll be a year or two—but I do hope you're around and we'll see each other again. It's been super, luv!" And with that she threw her arms around my waist, drew me into her body and kissed me passionately.

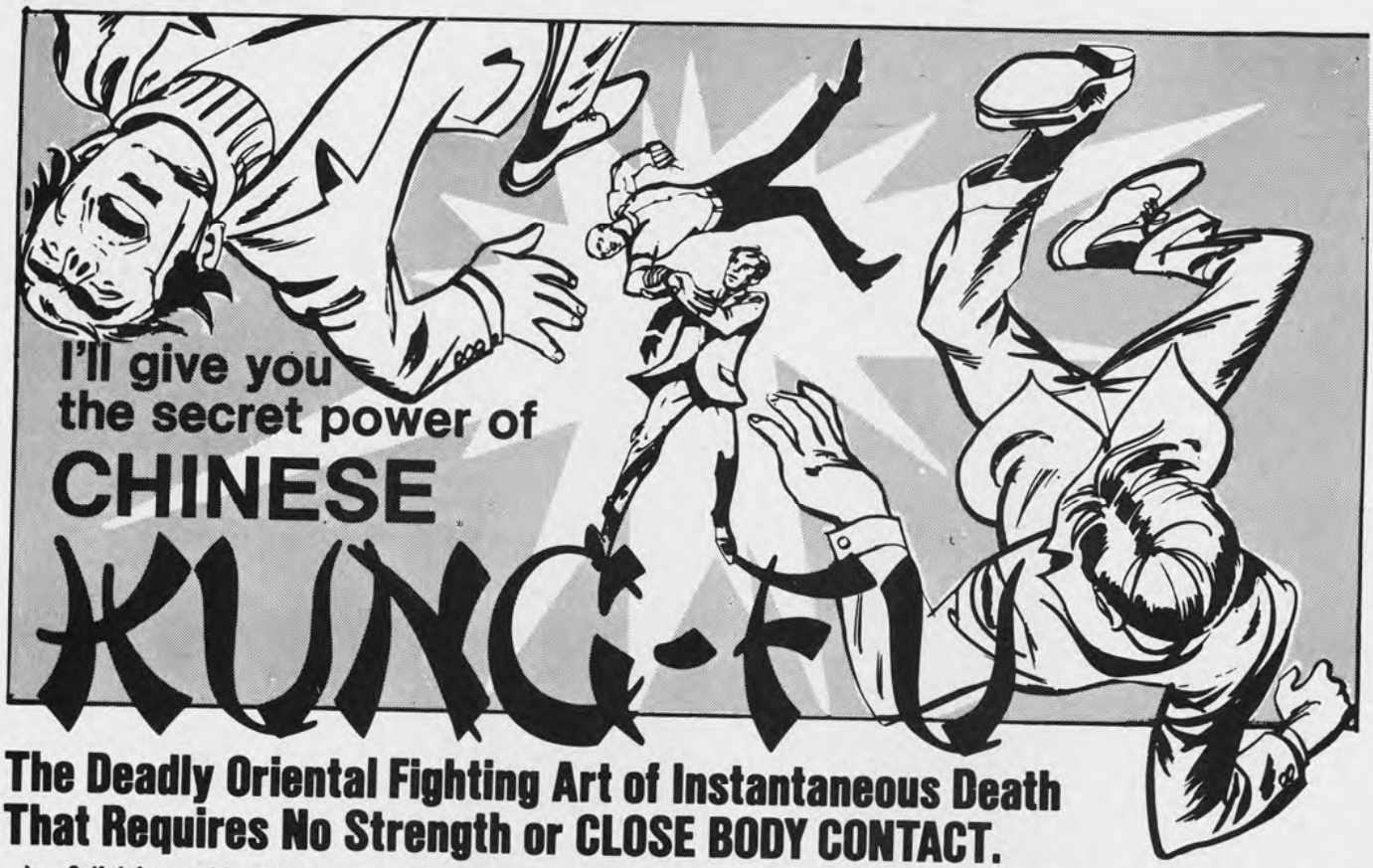
Early the next morning I stood at the pier as the luxurious cabin cruiser headed out to sea. I saw a tiny speck in a red sweater waving furiously, and then Kathy sailed out of my life.

Lost in retrospect I walked slowly over to my favorite waterfront cafe and sat down at one of the tables, still thinking about the sexy British bird who had flown away. Out of the corner of my eye I saw someone slip into the chair next to mine, and turning, looked into the face of a beautiful young chick with smoldering brown eyes and long silky black hair that cascaded down her back. A smile played across her sensuous lips and perhaps by design the straps of her bikini top had slipped off her shoulders, revealing pert, full breasts with a titillating glimpse of their rosy nipples.

"Hi, Skipper!" she said, giving me the once-over. "You look like a seafaring gent, and I like the cut of your jib. You wouldn't happen to be needing a First Mate, would you? Or perhaps . . . just a playmate?" she asked coyly.

I eyed the curves of her voluptuous young body—she was lush, ripe and ready for action! Why the hell should I go out looking for buried treasure? I'd found it right here in Puntarenas.

All of a sudden, Cocos Island seemed far, far away. ☐



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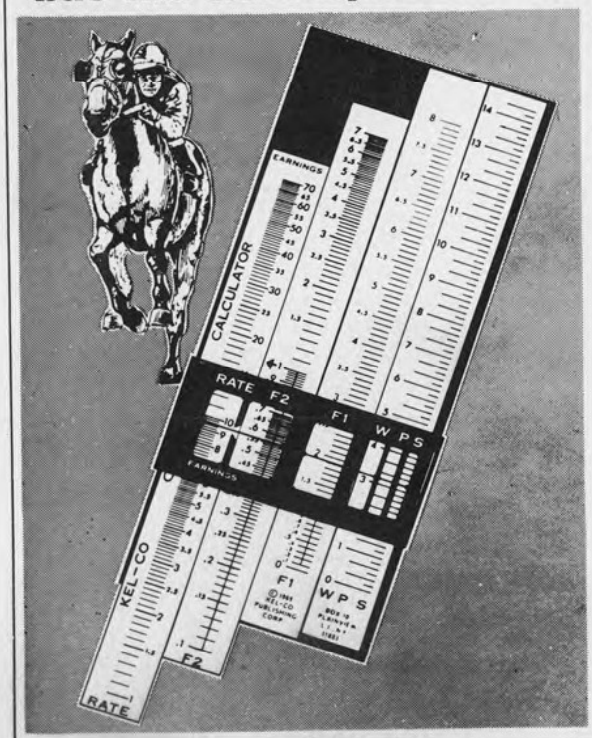

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